Special Flying Issue.

Modern Life

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "Modern Man."

CLEVERLY ILLUSTRATED, WITTY AND BRIGHT.

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MAKING 'EM BUZZ.

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ROYAL AND SOCIETY NEWS.

(Exclusive to "Modern Life.")

"Friends Again!" Happy Ending of the Impasse between Queen Alexandra and the Russian Dowager Empress.

The Danish Monarch proves a Royal Peacemaker.

Readers of *Modern Life* since last November are aware that since that period there has been a state of tension between our First Family and their august aunt, the mother of the Tsar. During the life-time of Queen Victoria the Russian Dowager, who is Queen Alexandra's sister, never came to this country, but when Alexandra of Denmark became Queen of England they became the best of friends once more, and eventually the Russian Dowager Empress decided to come to England and settle practically "for good." As far back as October 4th we pointed out that special apartments were then being prepared for Her Imperial Majesty at Sandringham House, and the two Dowager Ladies were then at Hvidoere, their villa on the Danish coast, near Copenhagen, and were daily expected to leave Denmark on their return to England.

During the previous season a little rift in the Royal lute had appeared, owing to the Grand Duke Alexander coming over with the Dowager Empress, and his Imperial Highness had not proved quite the sort of gentleman Queen Mary likes to have in close familiarity with the people at Buckingham Palace. The Grand Duke's ragtime ball at the Savoy was the "last straw"—the story of which was told in detail in these columns at the time. That little matter blew over all right with the Grand Duke's sudden departure for Paris. But last autumn was to prove a trying time to all our Royalties. * * *

The Tsar's Disgraced Brother Precipitates a Crisis.

However, all went well right up to November, and the Royal yacht "Victoria and Albert" lay alongside the jetty at Copenhagen, awaiting the embarkation of Queen Alexandra and her sister, the Russian Dowager Empress. Everything was ready at Sandringham for the two great ladies, and there were no other Russians remaining in England—except the Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch, who is always here, and never means to leave us. (And quite right, too!) But just before Queen Alexandra and her Russian sister boarded the Royal yacht, homeward bound, to their united consternation they learned that Her Imperial Majesty's disgraced son, Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, had taken a house in Hertfordshire, brought his morganatic wife, Madame Brassov, with him, and intended staying for six months!

* * *

The Tsar Refuses to Raise the Ban on his Brother.

As the Tsar had banished his brother, and refused to recognise the lady he had married, King George and Queen Mary were unable to recognise the Grand Duke's presence in England, and as the Russian Dowager could scarcely reside in a country where her son was unreceivable, Her Imperial Majesty was thus compelled to cancel her visit to England at the last moment, and instead of embarking on the Royal yacht, went off to Paris, and has stayed on the Continent ever since. The Tsar has consistently refused to raise the ban upon his brother, and Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch has never yet been received by King George at Buckingham Palace.

Moreover, we learn that His Imperial Highness's life at Knebworth has not been so felicitous as it might have been, and as he has now gone off to Paris, in spite of lease of Lord Lytton's fine mansion in Hertfordshire, trouble no longer prevents the Russian Dowager return to England. The King of Denmark, who is equally nephew of the Russian Dowager Empress and of Qu Alexandra, has now made up the breach between the Royal ladies, and Dowager Empress Marie has arrived England once more to take up her abode at Sandringha So all has ended happily, and it is probable that Gr Duke Michael Alexandrovitch will not again be seen this side of the Channel, not, at any rate, until the withdraws the embargo upon his brother, and makes position "regular" once more.

* * *

No "Revelations" about the Prince at Oxford.

The Pragger Wagger is to have an "open letter" addre to him by the Oxford University weekly, *The Isis*. letter is, we are told, the "only occasion upon which Royal Family has given its permission" for such an epi This sounds safe and disarming. There will be no "reve tions" about His Royal Highness's life at Alma Mater. shall not even learn whether he has ever "sported his oa or been "gated" or "progged." But *Isis* "Idols" not what they were! Time was when even the Dean Christ Church had to take his literary gruelling, and it "laid on thick." In those days that clever poet, Mo T. Pigott, owned the paper, and he nearly lost his life his little weekly. Happily he decided in time that discret was the better part of valour, and is still churning out co verses in classic phraseology—the only living man who do it to perfection. Whether the "open letter" to the Pr of Wales will stir the waters at Oxford as did the art devoted to the late Bishop Strong is very doubtful.

* * *

An Inquest Saved!

What happened when the Bishop (then Dean of Ch Church) was "idolised" in the *Isis* was, that the Dea lady was pictured as gazing down from a window on night of the House ball, and watching the Dean strolling Tom Quad with another lady. The Dean was a stern m but popular with Christ Church men, and when the memb of Christ Church read the offending article, they promp sought out the undergraduate who had written it, drag him from his bed at midnight, brought him to Tom Qu and ducked him in Peckwater, after compelling him to a copy of his paper. The poor fellow was nearly kille the process, and he left Oxford. Mr. Mostyn Pigott loy championed his man, and promised in the Press to down to Oxford with a revolver and "face the mu Fortunately for him, he stayed in town, and the furore d down. An inquest was probably thereby saved!

* * *

Why the Kaiser's Brother has been in London.

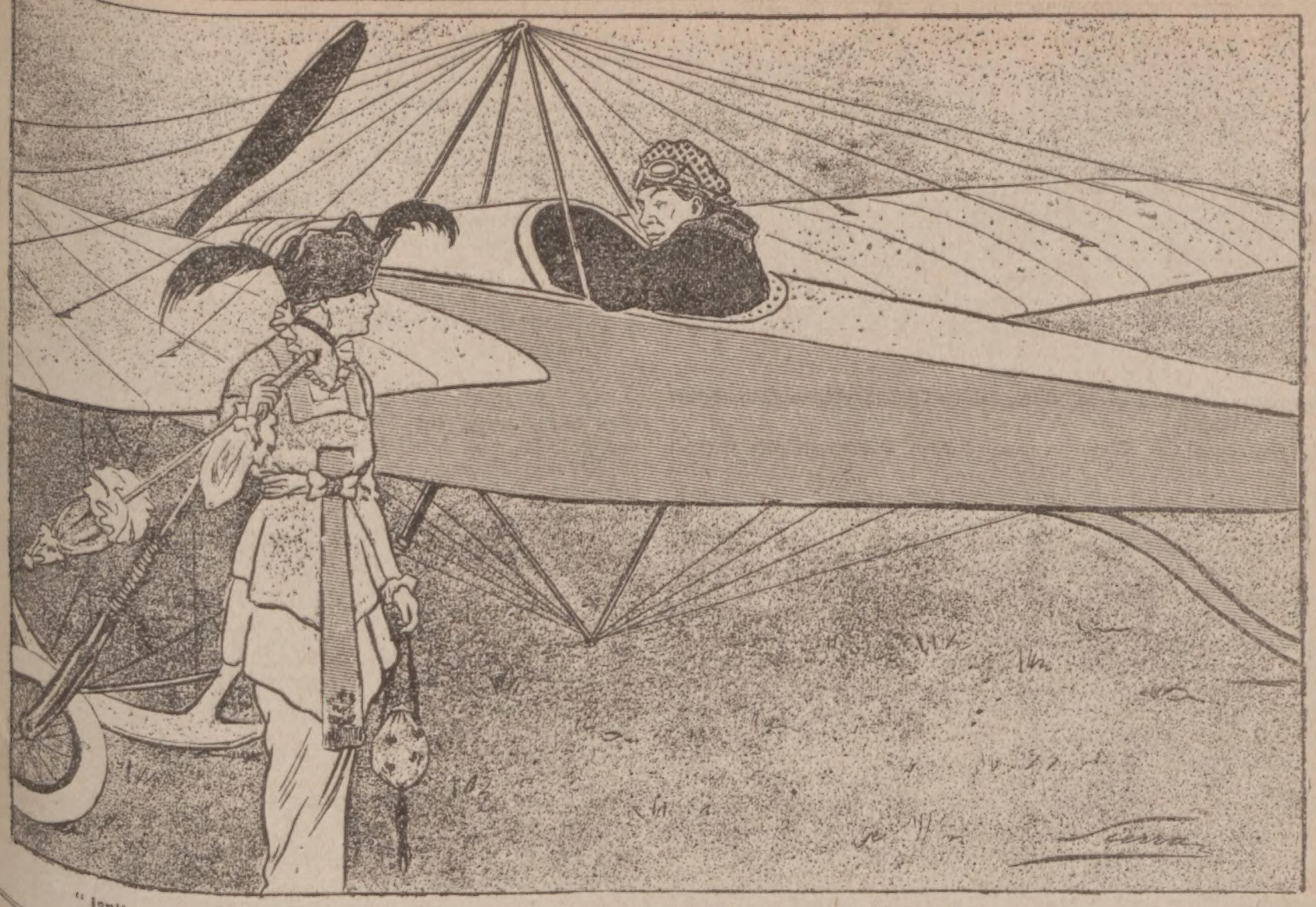
The King's great friend, and the only prince in the wo who has King George's complete confidence, Prince Hen of Prussia, has been over again—this being the eighth ti during His Majesty's reign that the Kaiser's brother h been to London at the request of our King. From a hig influential source I learn that Prince Henry and King Geo are mutually interested in a South American shipping co bine. I am not at liberty to afford any further detail this matter, as only half-a-dozen people know anythi about it. Prince Henry only returned from his month the Argentine a fortnight ago, and his first call in Lon was upon King George at Buckingham Palace. Somethi of unusual interest to the shipping world may be expecte in a few months, and I am allowed to add that the Kai is also deep in the "scheme!"

* * *

"No Pleasing Some People!"

Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck are pretty certa to be extremely popular in Canada when they get there, spite of the silly jeremiads of some of the Canadian pap about Canada coming permanently under Royalty, and t setting up a sort of Canadian monarchy! What a difficult th it is to please some of the Colonials! When they get a s English earl or marquess they say they are sufficient important to have a Royal Prince. For years the Canadia carried on a subtle Press campaign in favour of having the Duke of Connaught as Governor-General. When they got him they were delighted, but immediately another Roy prince—and one of the first rank, he being brother to Qu Mary—is announced to succeed the Duke, they set up a howl about a Canadian monarchy. Well, well; there's no pleasing some people!

NEXT WEEK: SPECIAL "NUT AND FLAPPER" NUMBER.



"Isn't aeroplaning an expensive hobby, Dick?"
"Well, if the machine goes through an air pocket when one is banking, it is rather difficult to preserve one's balance."

Why India Never Gets a Royal Prince.

Thank God our palace people have never yet cottoned to the idea of a Royal prince as Viceroy in India! That is a consummation devoutly to be smashed! Every time a Viceroy announces his intention to retire, the Rajahs and babus begin to agitate for a member of the Royal Family as his successor. But the King's advisers are smart enough to realise the perils to the dynasty in India of making a member of the First Family the scapegoat for Indian perverseness. Nothing would so thoroughly delight the enemies of England in Calcutta as to be able to hurl epithets at the head of a Prince from Windsor! For one thing, they will never get Prince Arthur of Connaught as Viceroy in India! His father's experiences as General in Command of the Bombay Army were quite sufficient to teach the Connaughts that India is no place for a Royal Highness, however fine a fellow he may be!

The Canadians, by the way, were supposed to be very keen upon having Prince Arthur as his father's successor in Ottawa. The first British paper to announce that Prince Arthur would be the next Canadian Viceroy was the *Liverpool Post*. Its announcement to that effect was flatly contradicted in *Modern Life* for September 20th last. Our information has, as usual, proved correct.

* * *

Britain's Greatest Landscape Painter.

Who was the wag at the Royal Academy who caused the picture which got the late Sir Alfred East his R.A. to be hung between two of the marvellous landscapes of B. W. Leader? How it ever happened that Sir Alfred East got into the Academy at all has always been a mystery to me. And how he got his knighthood is an even greater mystery, for while a certain amount of backscratching will get you "on the line" at Burlington House, it wants a little more than mere backscratching to get a knighthood! And why has Leader never been knighted? There isn't another man in the world in the same boat with him as a landscape painter! Sir Alfred East would dab in a whole park with a few broad, coarse strokes of paint, where Leader would spend a week on getting every blade of grass into the picture! And what a picture it becomes! I make no hesitation in saying that B. W. Leader is the greatest landscape painter this country has ever produced!

An Unfortunate Picture of King George.

An artist who can henceforth count upon much favour upon the footsteps of the Throne is Mr. Lance Calkin, whose picture of King George in Guards uniform is a real triumph. Mr. A. S. Cope, however, who has been given opportunities at Buckingham Palace before, may henceforth "rest on his laurels!" We never "soft soap" people—especially artistic people—in these columns, but we do call a spade a spade, and give the devil his due. And we have little hesitation in stating that Mr. Cope deserves to be "severely dealt with" for his picture of King George. Flatterers of Royalty we abhor, but the King need not have been placed in such a light as to make him appear fishy eyed!

* * *

Why the Dutch Queen Never Comes to London.

The Duchess of Albany is having her sister from Holland over for a few weeks this month. It used to be rumoured at Court, by the way, that King George was anxious to give the old Dowager Queen's young daughter, the Queen of Holland, a state drive through London, knowing, of course, the universal sympathy which has always gone forth to the Dutch Queen ever since her childhood. Precisely why that state drive has never eventuated is still a mystery, but it is supposed to be due to a long-standing feud between our own Royal House and the family from which the Dutch Queen's Consort, Prince Henry, comes. Prince Henry is a son of the Mecklenburg-Schwerin family, and our Queen Mary is very closely allied to the Mecklenburg-Strelitz branch, and the two Royal houses of Mecklenburg have long been at "daggers drawn." So long as Strelitz has a ninety-year-old Princess of Great Britain and Ireland practically reigning over it, it is not likely that the feud will be ended. So the Dutch Queen has never yet been seen in London.

* * *

Interesting Royal Occupants at Claremont.

Her mother, the Dowager Queen of Holland, is one of the Princesses of the House of Waldeck Pyrmont, from which the Duchess of Albany also comes. These two gentle widows have always received much sympathy in this country, for both their married lives were very short. The Duchess of Albany was left a widow at twenty-three! She was given a charming country seat which had been previously occupied by a Royal Princess of even greater interest to this country. When King George IV. married his only daughter, Princess

NEXT WEEK: SPECIAL "NUT AND FLAPPER" NUMBER.

Charlotte, to Princess Leopold of Saxe-Coburg (afterwards the first King of the Belgians), it was to Claremont, at Esher, that the happy couple repaired, and when you come to reflect that if Princess Charlotte had not died in giving birth to her only child there would have been no Queen Victoria, no Edwards, and no more Georges (for Leopolds would have taken their place), it is realisable that Claremont will always have a curious interest for English folk. Prince Leopold received an income of fifty thousand pounds a year as the husband of England's Princess Royal, which pension, we believe, was continued till his death many years after he had come into a handsome income and a crown as Monarch of the new Belgian kingdom. The Saxe-Coburgers are an astute lot!

* * *

Proposed National Memorial to the Fallen Aviators of Britain.

I hear that the King is considering a suggestion that a national memorial should be erected in London to the fifty Britishers who have lost their lives in the pursuit of aviation. The proposal arose in the Flying Section of the Army, and has several well-known peers and generals behind it. The idea is to erect a striking monument on the lines of the Crimea memorial in Pall Mall, with the names of the fallen aviators engraved upon the base. The year 1913 proved appallingly unlucky for the conquerors of the air, and though there has been a terrible recrudescence of fatal accidents while flying during the past few months, they have been nothing like so numerous as in the same months of 1913. Aviators are growing less reckless than of yore, and the improvement of biplanes and other craft which is proceeding apace will, it is hoped, eventually make deaths amongst flying men as rare as among balloonists. Everybody will support the idea of the proposed National Memorial to the heroes of 1913, who may be said to have laid with their lives the foundations of the Royal Flying Corps, which has now attained such a high degree of military efficiency.

* * *

Britain's Doomed Polo Team.

Lord Wimborne is to be sincerely complimented upon his pluck in deciding to take over a team to bring back (if they can) the American cup for Polo. Up till now nothing but disaster has followed his Lordship's efforts to get representative team together. Great polo players are few and far between, and the selection is limited to a dozen famous British officers. Of these one of the almost "indispensables," Captain Lockett, fell very ill. Then Major Hunter had a nasty spill, and injured his shoulder, which kept him out of the saddle for a month. When Lord Wimborne returned from Spain with his team, Captain Tomkinson got a chill, which turned to jaundice. And as soon as he was once more on a polo pony's back he injured his shoulder badly.

* * *

The Last Straw—Nearly!

However, King George, as already noted in *Modern Life*, is as keen as mustard about this particular Cup, and when Lord Wimborne had finally decided that he could not get a new team ready for America, His Majesty made a personal appeal to his Lordship (who is a Lord-in-Waiting) and eventually Captain Cheape decided to withdraw his resignation, and to go across the Atlantic. So at last all seemed well, or as well as could be expected. The new team of four gallant captains was duly selected and photographed at Hurlingham; play was begun; when to the consternation of everybody, down came Captain Tomkinson with a devil of a fall, which put his shoulder out of joint, and seemed like spelling disaster to the team. A clever surgeon was luckily able to put the dislocated shoulder back within a few minutes, and play was resumed. But never was there a team over which such a dismal doom seemed to hang! Its journey across the Herring Pond will be watched with almost feverish interest "on this side."

* * *

The Rush to the Courts.

So many applications for attendance at Court have been received by the Lord Chamberlain that the two June Courts will not be large enough, so it is suggested that another should be held. There is not, however, any likelihood whatever of a sixth Court being held, nor is there the slightest necessity for increasing the number of these ceremonials. True there are more applications than there is room, but this is owing to the indiscriminate rush to the Courts, snobbery nowadays being rampant. The result is that the company is more notable for numbers than

Lady: "Why are you so sure he will arrive safely at the aerodrome?"
Working Man: "'E's got to, lady. 'Is wife's waiting for 'im there."

These people are not suffering from an excess of haughtiness. They have merely got Aero Neck, contracted while watching the Flying Derby.

quality, and that the attendance of the élite (apart from diplomatic and official personages) diminishes yearly. By the King's order, the rule prohibiting private persons from going to Court more than once in every three years is being strictly enforced, and this is absolutely necessary to keep in check the rush.

* * *

The Uninvited Guest Nuisance.

The uninvited guest continues to be much in evidence. Lately there have been numerous complaints about these impertinent individuals, several of whom have been unwise enough to attend some small gatherings. At a big function, for instance, a political reception, these gentry are fairly safe, for hosts and hostesses do not know a quarter of their guests, and it is easy to mumble something which might pass for a name. With plenty of audacity all goes well.

At a political reception only a few days ago quite a number of unasked guests presented themselves, but they were in no danger of discovery. Quite half of those invited were unknown to host and hostess even by sight, and either might have been tricked as was once a now deceased Premier. He was requested by an uninvited guest, a man of good bearing and address, to present him to a certain great lady, and the statesman did so, being totally ignorant of the audacious intruder's identity.

The unasked guest flourishes so amazingly because hostesses dislike to make a fuss at their parties. Hostesses often see people they have not asked, but they good-naturedly condone their offence. But not always does the intruder escape. At a recent big ball an unknown guest was spotted by a member of the family, and prompt action was taken. There was no trouble, but the man was quietly conducted from the ballroom by the host, and the servants saw that he left the house. If this course were always adopted the custom of going uninvited to parties would soon cease.

* * *

A Society Flyer.

Mr. Gustav Hamel, who took Lady Juliet Duff the other day for a flight from Brooklands to Oxford and thence to Hendon, had, we may say without being personal, a weighty passenger. For the Marchioness of Ripon's only daughter is very matronly and Junoesque, and tall and handsome, like her mother, who, as Gladys Countess of Lonsdale, was the most beautiful woman of her day. Lady Juliet's husband is Mr. Robin Duff, a future baronet with a prospective income of some £130,000 a year, that being the income credited to his father, Sir Charles Assheton-Smith, the possessor of perhaps the best trio of 'chasers ever owned by one man—Cloister, Jerry M, and Cackler.

* * *

The Would-be Strathbolgis.

If the King should decide to call out of abeyance the ancient barony of Strathbolgi in favour of one of the three claimants, Colonel Alexander Henry Leith, of Freefield, Aberdeenshire, Mr. Cuthbert Matthias Kenworthy, of Leinster Gardens, and Dr. Reginald Gervase Alexander, physician to the Bradford and Halifax Infirmary, who were recently adjudged co-heirs to the honour by the Lords' Privileges Committee, the favoured individual will have an opportunity of possessing himself of a Strathbolgi estate. This is the Chilham Castle property near Canterbury, which is coming into the market. Close to the picturesque Jacobean mansion is the Barons Strathbolgis' old keep, so the new Lord Strathbolgi could, if he liked, reinstate himself in the actual stronghold of his ancestor, but first some much needed repairs would have to be undertaken.

* * *

The Castle's Bad Repute.

The idea should appeal to the man possessing pride of ancestry, like these claimants, but there are other considerations to be weighed up. Chilham Castle has a rather sinister reputation—that of never being held by one family for three generations, and its first Strathbolgi owner came by a tragic end. Chilham was confiscated by Edward I., and its Lord hanged. Strathbolgi owed allegiance to Edward, but he must needs intrigue, and support Robert the Bruce. He fled the country, but his ship was driven back by contrary winds on to the English coast, and he was captured and brought to London. He was tried in Westminster Hall, and sentenced to death for treason, but out of respect to his high birth he was not drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution as traitors usually were. Instead he was set on horseback, and hanged upon a gibbet fifty feet high, his head being fixed on London Bridge, and his body burnt to ashes.

NEXT WEEK: SPECIAL "NUT AND FLAPPER" NUMBER.

LIVELY LITTLE LEADERS

THE DERBY.

I suppose some of the notorious gang of kill-joys to whom I referred last week will be getting ready for another field-day as I write these lines, for we are on the eve, reader, of the wickedest, most unholy, most criminal, most damnable, most Bernard-Shawy day in the annals of England. I said last week that you would all be going helter-skelter, pell-mell, brakeless down the hill to eternal perdition if you did not cry content to being tied to your mamma's apron-strings in the interests of Mrs. Grundy and all the goody-goodies. But we have now arrived at a moment in the yearly history of England at which you can go to hell a good deal quicker even than that. For there is nothing on God's good earth, dear reader, that commends itself so perfectly to the sanctimonious snufflers and kill-joys, as a subject for a sermon on snuffling and snivelling and going to hell, as Derby Day. You see, reader, on Derby Day tens of thousands of people flock to Epsom to enjoy themselves in the good old English way of looking at a horse-race, and it's an awful thing to look at a horse-race. It's quite proper to look at a donkey-race, as long as it's on the sands and you are sucking malevolent ice-cream instead of drinking beer, surrounded by a lot of wretched old women of both sexes belonging to the "Young Men's and Women's Pharisaical Society for the Protection of Ice-cream and Donkey-races." It's quite proper to look at a man-race, especially if it is a race between the leading tub-thumpers of the Society aforesaid, run with the object of getting rich and godly and holy and hypocritical in a way that was quite foreign to the ideas of the founder of the Christian religion. It's quite proper to do a lot of wicked things, in fact, so long as you do them under the patronage of the Snufflers, and learn and practise thoroughly and efficiently the great art of snuffling and snivelling whenever you come across a man who has been, say, to the Derby and backed a winner or a loser as the case may be.

And that is one of the most marvellous things of the moment, reader, if you will just think of it for a minute. Simply and solely because racing is a healthy and exciting method of getting a little enjoyment out of life, we are told by the crawlers and the creepers who cringe before the Gods of Respectability and Cant that Derby Day is a day to be ashamed of, a day to be discouraged in the interests of the general welfare of the community. But I shall maintain that it is, on the contrary, a day to be proud of because, perhaps more than anything else in our national life, it typifies almost every manly characteristic of the English people. I do not say that it typifies the good alone, for it also illustrates the bad. But I do say that the good far and away overshadows the evil, and that, taking it as a whole, it would be one of the sorriest days in the history of England if the Derby (if it were possible to conceive of such a thing) were abolished. But it is not possible to conceive it, thank goodness; and on Wednesday next, from high to low, from King to peasant, from millionaire to clerk, from judge to costermonger—yes, and from canon to curate in a few broad-minded cases, millions of Englishmen will live again some of the sporting life that was the glory of their fathers on the famous Downs, and millions more at home and across the seas will wait with beating hearts for the tick-tack that shall tell them the result of England's greatest race.

I have tried for long years, reader (as I daresay you have tried), to make out the real reason of the intense prejudice against racing that is inherent in a large section of the English people. And I am driven to the conclusion that it is just a relic of old-fashioned Puritanism and nothing else. The sort of feeling that it is a wicked thing to enjoy yourself and get a little harmless excitement out of life. Puritanism, of course, came into vogue as a reaction against the vicious tendencies of the days when Charles was King, and although we are very gradually getting rid of it, it has had a terrible effect on the mental progress of the English people. Puritanism never objected to bull-baiting because of the sorrows of the bull, but because of the pleasure of the lookers-on. Puritanism never objected to the theatre because there could possibly be anything inherently wrong in the representation of dramatic scenes on a stage, for as a matter of fact the earliest plays were scripture plays and were patronised by the Church. Puritanism objected to the theatre simply and solely because it was a place of amusement and because it was wicked to amuse yourself in world and impossible to amuse yourself in the next.

And it is just the same with racing. Of course I kn all about the stupid argument that it is a mortal sin to bo a bob each way on a horse race, but surely we take notice of such tomfool arguments as that in the twentie century. Yet when I come to think of it, some people take notice of such an old-fashioned and absurd mon monstrosity. Not very long ago there were presumab sane people writing to the correspondence columns of the *Manchester Guardian* and solemnly arguing that it wa a serious sin to play whist for small stakes, let alone t back a horse. What possible hope can there be for th kind of muddle-headed mental mongrels who argue like that? It was, however, an excellent sign that Puritanism has now to make a desperate fight for its principles when we saw men like the Dean of Manchester and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford writing to the *Manchester Guardian* to stick up for the broad-minded view of the question.

It seems impossible to drive it into the heads of the Puritans that the majority of men who bet do not do so for the sole purpose of acquiring wealth, and that they are therefore infinitely more moral in this regard than the vast majority of commercial men. All commerce lives and thrives on the principle of getting the best of your neighbours, if you only sit down and analyse the thing for a moment, and involves a certain amount of speculation and gambling, from the smallest transaction of a little draper who speculates by stocking his shop with a fashionable article in the hope that it will remain fashionable and that he will be able to make an exorbitant profit out of it, to the great merchant who gambles on the supply and demand of wheat or cotton.

I was strolling through the fashionable shopping street of a big town the other day and I noticed in many of the shops large stocks of the yellow gloves that are, apparently, going to be all the rage. But it is all a gamble on the part of the merchants and shopkeepers. They may not turn out to be all the rage. Large numbers of these staring looking gloves may remain unsold. I hope they will. Nobody knows. And they are not even necessaries of life like, say, bacon and flour, in which, I need not remind you, there is speculation and gambling from Monday morning to Saturday night throughout the year. Take the man who enjoys a little harmless excitement on a race course by way of contrast. He looks upon the investment of a small amount of money on a horse as the price of a certain amount of pleasure, in exactly the same way as he looks upon the purchase of a railway ticket to the seaside when he goes for his holidays. He hopes to make a profit by the horse winning, just as he hopes to profit in health and temper by having a holiday. But if it doesn't come off he takes it all philosophically and has learnt a good lesson in courage that will stand him in good stead when the greater things of life come to be tackled. Of course, I know that there are professional money-seeking betting men, and good luck to them, say I, for they are engaged in desperately hard work, and are, when they win, among the most generous-hearted and honest men I have ever known in a pretty varied life. They are among the necessities of the case. Without them the British public would not be able to enjoy the racing and love of sport that have done such a tremendous lot towards building up the English character for pluck and fair-play.

And so, as Derby Day once more comes round, I like to think that it still appeals to the masses of my fellow-countrymen, and I even look back with a sigh of satisfaction to the death-bed of one of the noblest men I ever knew—a broad-minded, religious man, who passed to the beyond a long years ago on Derby Day with words on his lips that were thought to be sacrilegious, but were not so—"I'm all right, Mary. What's won the Derby?"

JONATHAN GRUB STREET.

Has Mr. Upton Sinclair, author of that remarkable novel "The Jungle," gone on hunger strike in an American jail as a protest against the tinned meat used there?

* * *

Why have certain night clubs begun to close as early as 5 o'clock in the morning? Has somebody been "dropping a hint"?

NEXT WEEK: SPECIAL "NUT AND FLAPPER" NUMBER.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

Some of the old-fashioned mottoes are not so bad after and the ancient advice given by some philosopher or er to the shoemaker, to stick to his last, is very applic- le to-day, even to distinguished authors like Mr. Rudyard pling. We belong to no party on this paper, and as have sometimes felt compelled to say anti-drawing-room ngs about Mr. Limehouse George, we think it only fair give our opinion of Mr. Limehouse Kipling's most re- rkable speech on Home Rule the other day. And our nion is this: "That it is a pitiable thing to see an bor and a poet of, in some respects, immortal distinction, oping to the level of the most venomous and politically- graded of Hyde Park orators. Even the *Daily Mail*, ich cannot justly be charged with an undying love for . Limehouse George, is compelled to say that Mr. Lime- se Kipling has made even the Welshman take a back as a turbulent trifler nasty adjectives. Well, ! What a wretched com- tary on our party system politics it all is! For , long years we were that Kipling was essen- y a writer, and was per- y hopeless as a platform tleman. And now we e a proof that would have sfied even friend Euclid self.

* * *

n one of those papers specially cater for the pily sentimental people never read anything pt mush and slush about and marriage, we ob- e a correspondence t whether a man should hrough with his engage- to a girl even if he before marriage that he ltogether on the wrong for a life-partner. And e of the dear young gs who are engaged, not marriage, but in the ol-girl occupation of ing sickly letters to the r referred to, are saying most remarkable and y things. When will e of our sweet young tieth century Venuses n that, considering that iage is such a frightful ble, even under the best ircumstances, it is the service a man can er to a girl, or a girl man, to "cry off" be- it is too late, when it is discovered that the natures seem to give excellent chance of everlasting misery for both? e girls, strange to say, seem to prefer mar- e at any and every cost and risk, rather than the slightest chance of being left on the shelf. The about breach of promise should be done away with gether, for it is an antiquated, fossilized thing, un- hy of the gospel of free choice in love and everything

* * *

he Railway Clerks' Conference at Edinburgh have making asses of themselves over the appointment Lord Claud Hamilton, of an American manager for his way. It seems to us that it is nonsensical to attack d Claud in this stupidly childish manner, and in addi- the railway clerks being, of course, quite sure that are one and all capable of managing any railway on 's earth, no one will take much notice of their wrath- fulminations. The fact remains, however, that although the English railway system has been very much improved during the last dozen years by studying American methods, we have still much to learn, exactly as America can, in many railway and other matters, learn much from us. Does it stand to reason that the Great Eastern Railway have brought over an American manager just for the fun of the thing, and not for practical reasons? Cannot we be a little broadminded in these matters? Nothing on earth can stop a railway clerk or anyone else getting on in his profession if he has the requisite ability. We don't see America squealing in a school-girl fashion when an Englishman is taken over there to manage an American railway.

* * *

The scratching of "The Tetrarch" and the arrival of Derby Day once more give Englishmen something to talk about that is a little more pleasant than all the interminable truck that we have been chattering about—Ireland and other almost century-old matters, for instance. And it may be noted that, notwithstanding the clatterings and moonshine of those who don't understand racing, the owner of 'The Tetrarch" has followed the correct and best traditions of the English Turf in keeping quiet about his horse all this time, until he was able to make a definite announcement as to whether the horse would run or not. There appear to be some asses about who think that it is the duty of an owner to issue daily, and perhaps hourly, bulletins about the condition of a public favourite, but this is very far from being the best etiquette of the great game. Such a policy would only lead to intense criticism of the bulletins by backers who would then, as it were, be taking part in an owner's management of his horse—an unthinkable thing to all true sportsmen. And the owner would inevitably be charged with deceiving the public in the bulletins in order to rig the market for his own benefit, if the horse finally went to the post fit and well, and won the race.

FASHIONS OF THE FUTURE:
The Parachute Skirt.

* * *

It is probably too much to expect, but we should dearly like to see some men of the type of Mr. Plowden, the London magistrate, in our Governments. Look at this — for a bit of really exquisite common sense, worthy of an Englishman at his best: "In itself there is no harm in betting, and it does not in the least interfere with a person's moral character. On the contrary, there is a great deal to be said for it in my opinion. But it must be carried on in strict compliance with the law." There Mr. Plowden has it all in a nutshell. Why shouldn't betting be legalised and taxed, and properly controlled like other businesses? Why should people pretend to hold up their hands with horror at betting, when it is the most ineradicable trait of human character? Because we are such sublime hypocrites, presumably, and prefer to pay bishops and archbishops five to ten thousand a year for trying to bring about the impossible, rather than admit that a bookmaker or a backer of horses can be an honest man, with just as good a chance of climbing the golden stairs as any bishop that was ever foaled.

MORE OR LESS.

The Red Cap.

"There are very few women," a man remarked to me recently, "who are not tired of being women." Are there? I suppose in dull moments we all imagine how much nicer it would have been to have been a man. I myself have a weakness at times for thinking of myself as an officer in His Majesty's Navee, with my feet everywhere except upon my native heath; but at normal times I am quite content to be a woman. After all, we get lots of fun out of life in spite of—perhaps because of—our petticoats and our limitations. As a matter of fact, I think those old-fashioned women who enjoyed an abundance of petticoats and a superabundance of lovers had a far better time than the knickerbockered damsel of to-day, with her scorn of conventionality, and her demand for a latch-key. Men don't like women with latch-keys. That is why so many bachelor girls remain bachelors. Time and time again we have accused men of fickleness, of love of change, inconstancy, and so forth; but to this one thing at least they remain as steadfast as a rock—their preference for the stay-at-home woman. Sure, the stay-at-home woman may spend so much of her time reading sex novels that she forgets to water the plants, while the bachelor girl may be a jolly good cook and house-wife, and far more of the mother instinct in her than her chaperoned sister. But there you are. Liberty is a red cap which the average man thinks it is necessary for a girl to throw over the mill before it is donned.

* * *

Woman—Useful Woman!

I couldn't help smiling the other day when I read that a man had backed out of marriage because it gave him a shivering fit whenever he thought of it. Lots of girls are shivering nowadays for fear they shouldn't get married. Personally, I think it is a mistake to feel strongly about anything—especially love. Love, like port, should never be decanted. Agitation spoils it. And, anyway, what's the good of worrying? We have all got to go through it time. Love is just like measles—with this difference not a notifiable disease. But we all catch it at one or other of our lives. I believe the truly dangerous towards the late thirties, at least that is what scientists say. A scientist, you know, is a person always discovering things of no earthly use to anyb My own impression of the matter is that a woman dangerous all the time—whatever age she is—to When she's thirty and beyond boys adore her, when anything above seventeen older men find her desirable. boy seeks to capture manhood, the man seeks to recap youth. Anyway you see a woman always comes in

* * *

Romantic Reason.

Mr. Chesterton has made an amazing discovery. found out that "an enormous number of ordinary clerks and wage-earners do really marry for romo reasons." But what on earth did Mr. Chesterton imagine they married for if it wasn't for love? Cert not for comfort. The ordinary little wage of the ordinar clerk would go much farther if he didn't take unto self the responsibilities of matrimony. Nor yet for motion. Employers look gladly upon the bachelor. yet for State reasons. The clerk is not at all keen to bute a quiverful of citizens to the State. What else for them to marry for but love? Not that I should this a romantic reason. If there were any reason about there couldn't be any romance. Love must be all and blue, twin sister to folly, and the bells in her must ring loudly enough to drown all the sad noises world. They may be the sequel to her passing with sequels she has nothing to do. Love is just a story—a fairy story if you will—but sometimes happy ending of a short story—at least she is to a somehow to a woman she represents a whole six shilling

* * *

Passion and Satin.

Have you heard of the very newest frock, or rather three frocks? The inventor—a Frenchman, of course labelled them respectively "a little," "mo and "passionately." You don't need me you just when each frock should be wo suppose their colouring is a kind of Fr flag affair too, red being the crescendo. tell me that the fashion experts are trying to popularise satin across the Channel because Queen Mary lived in satin her late trip. Satin be hanged!—I be a certain Mrs. Manning, by the way, did to be hanged in a black satin gown—th are so many soft, floppy stuffs we can ourselves in without having recourse to shiny, hard-looking material. Satin all right under electric light, but like love isn't for day-time wear.

* * *

Stars of Eve.

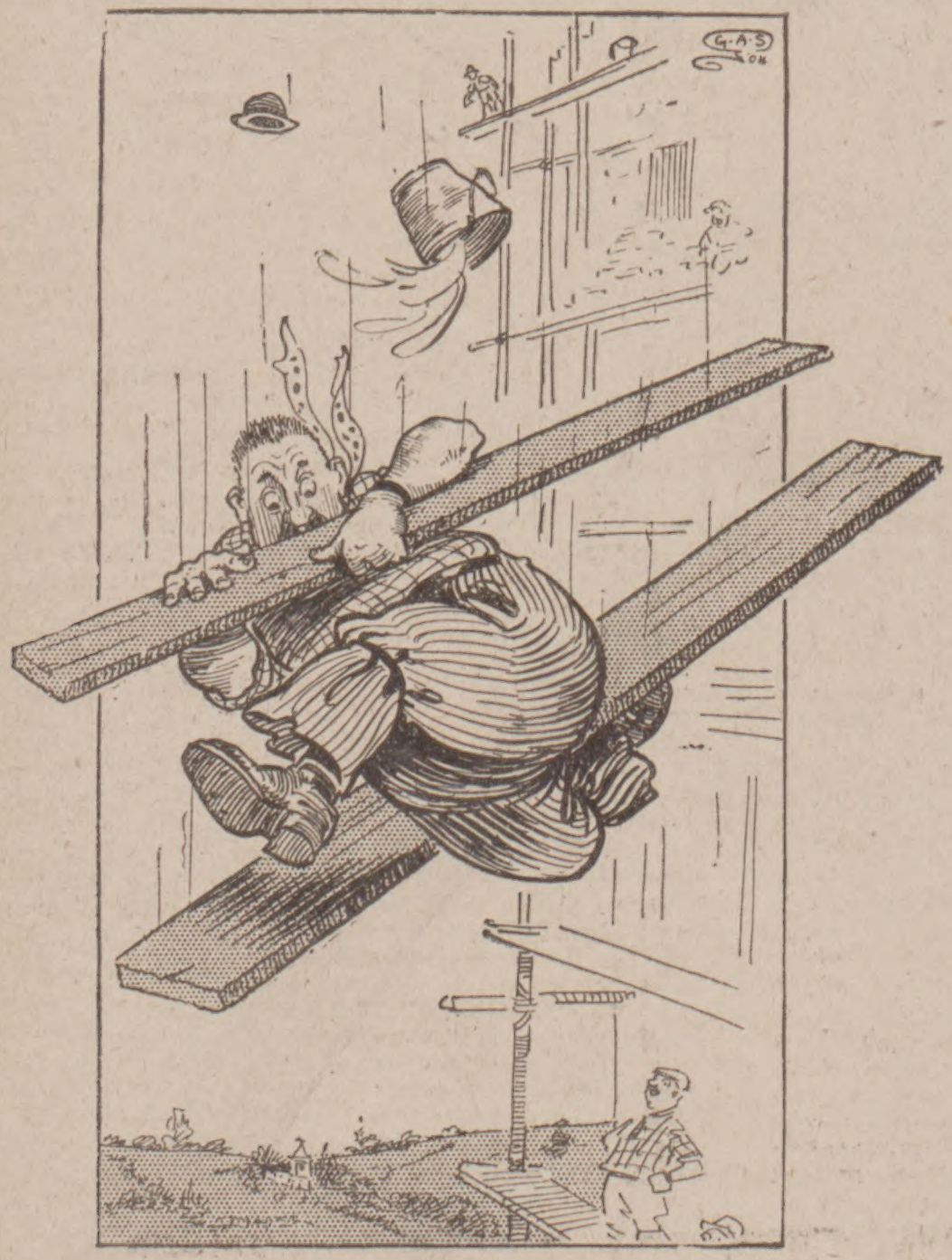
Some of the night clubs must be feeling "wibbly wobbly" just at present. Now two of the best known have closed their do the lesser Stars of Eve—(I hope Mrs. Wa will forgive me)—must be wondering how they will last. The fact of the matter is legislation apart—there has been too much tisement. We don't want our supper indi tions recorded in the morning papers. It very well for the limelight ladies to clouds of peers about as they come—I blame them. Kind hearts are more coronets, and all that—but it doesn't look in the fashionable intelligence. I don't that other grumble concerning night clubs exorbitant prices charged for food and d —has ever affected their success. Meals midnight are never cheap—and if they are shouldn't be. After all, supper doesn't include a piece of something quivering aspic, a lettuce leaf and a dying ice. It —or should—Cordon Rouge and no red tape.

LOUISE HEILGERS.

A bigamist is a man who has more wives than brains.

* * *

Poets are born, not paid.



THE ORIGIN OF THE BIPLANE.

THE POIGNANT PARAGRAPH.

Raise the bowl to the new-born journalism and drink deep. For here it is with us in its swaddling clothes, and who knows into what it may develop. And yet we cannot say that it is unexpected. First newspapers cheapened; then we had news given us in pictures; next came the nutty headline, and witty news stories, which idea was originated by the young Oxford element of the Carmelite Press. Our news has now to be picked out with care from amongst notes on cookery, heartrending serial stories, and the early indiscretions of actresses and notorious characters as told by themselves. To-day, golf news is forced upon us in chunks, and we are given every day minute psychological studies of golfer Tom Jones, or Jack Robinson. We are shown photographs of these men with twisted feet, at the top of their swings or at the bottom, and are regaled with details of these gentlemen's pet hobbies and favourite foods. Yesterday the new note which will have wide-reaching effects was struck by the *Evening News*. A two-thirds column story came from Paris of a domestic tragedy which was written in the emotional French manner and signed in big letters by the writer. The story, simple in itself, was headed by the dramatic title "The Man Who Came Back," and told of a thief who returned to his native home and committed suicide because he thought that his wife was dead. But it was described in such soulful language, and with such a wealth of sentimental and imaginative detail, as to wring tears from the heart.

The die is cast; we must bow before the new style of newspaper writing, and before many noons have swelled and shrunk, we may read this sort of thing with our breakfast, signed by famous personages:—

The *Daily Mail*, May 1st, 1920.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS.

by

MAX PEMBERTON.

The sun beat down pitilessly on the assembled throng at Ascot. The grass was green, and the sky was blue, and all around sound piled on sound. Everywhere were happy faces, and in the air was the scent of tense excitement. For to-day the noble horses were to exert sinew against sinew, and muscle against muscle, until the heart cracked if need be, so that their courageous masters' will be obeyed. What need to describe the race, the flashing colours, the clamour, or who and what one won; one thing only clings in my brain and that is a picture of —oh! giant heart—a man in a draught-board suit who stood high above the railing and who with a sad sympathetic smile for the woes of mankind flicked his arm backwards and forwards with incredible rapidity from a brown bag that he carried before him, and distributed largess to the gathered multitude, paying, and paying, and paying . . . I turned away to hide a tear, and thanked Heaven that England is as She is to-day. . . .

The *Times*, April 1st, 1920.

FLAMES,

by

BART KENNEDY.

They come! Make way—way! The jingle and clangour. For what? To save lives. Demon fire is at his fiendish work and he must be thwarted. Make way! White horses. Galloping horses. Mud splashes and dirt flies. I wipe my face. What matters a little mud when lives are at stake. On the wings of speed. I run. I pant and stumble. For what? To be in at the death. To see the brave deeds of the gallant firemen. Where's the fire? Raging flames. "False alarm," you say. Cuss. Oh! the gallant firemen.

A SKY PILOT.

The *Telegraph*, June 1st, 1920.

THE PULSE OF THE WORLD,

by

RUDYARD KIPLING.

The tape-machine, that ghastly engine of finance, glucks out its chequered stream of ribbon—in sudden sorties, in volleys, and then dribbling to a rain-spit. "Ninety-one and an eighth, ninety-one and an eighth, NINETY-ONE!" Gluck! Gluck! Ninety-one. Those hellish minions of the Government are at their Bernard ways again. The box blubbers, and the plupping peters out to a sibilant ticking. Then came silence, that silence in which a man feels around him the gathering of hostile forces marshalled against him. Then suddenly Plup! Gluck! Gluck! P'rrup! like the greeting of the home-coming spark at the high-shot receiving towers at the Norrard Gat. "Ninety-one, ninety-one, NINETY AND THREE QUARTERS! The box rips with a sobbing gulp, as it pulps and splinters under the weight of the far flung flatiron. Then silence falls again.

[Note: The above graphic report refers to the price of American Rails, which were at 90¾ at time of going to press.—Editor.] M. L.

RECKLESS DRIVING.

Mabel: I see Charlie has his hand in a sling.
Mark: Yes; reckless driving.
Mabel: Auto?
Mark: No.
Mabel: Horse?
Mark: No, hammer

NEXT WEEK: SPECIAL "NUT AND FLAPPER" NUMBER.

WHO, WHY, WHEN AND WHAT.

LITTLE QUESTIONS FOR PROMINENT PEOPLE.

If it is true that "K. of K." is to be sent to Ireland by the Government to "settle" Ulster?

* * *

If Lord Dundonald dislikes the job of "Gold Stick in Waiting" half as much as he says he does?

* * *

When the new and revised Tivoli is really likely to be opened to the public? Whether the spring of next year is not a much more likely date for that event than the autumn of this year as announced?

* * *

If, after all, "Terms of settlement" have been arrived at in the case of the star revue artist versus her husband, and what those terms amount to?

* * *

If the rumour be true that Sir Henniker Heaton's scheme for a penny post between England and France may become what the man called "un fate accomply" before 1915?

* * *

Why did Joseph Coyne give his lop-eared mongrel away in such a hurry, and if it was because the animal had developed an embarrassing habit of stealing all manner of strange articles and bringing them home?

* * *

If the most important scene in the up-to-date play is the obscene?

* * *

Who is the world-famous English author who is said to employ literary "ghosts"? Was the last "ghost" killed in the Bakerloo accident of two years ago, and does this account for the author's "new manner" which was first noticed in 1912?

* * *

If Miss Madge Lessing isn't telling some very amusing stories about her stay in Vienna, and if the "Count-with-the-diamond-shirt-stud-as-big-as-a-pigeon's-egg" isn't one of the funniest?

* * *

What is the mystery of the Emperor of Austria? Isn't his health giving very serious cause for alarm, and are not the bulletins, to say the least, over hopeful? And if things are as has been whispered, are we not on the eve of fresh complications in the near East?

* * *

Why the young Duke refused the wealthy dowager's invitation to join the racing party, and if he was influenced by the lady's proverbial match-making proclivities?

* * *

The identity of the night-club proprietor who is doing his best to effect a purchase of the charming little chalet at Hardelot—the property of the late Duke of Argyll—and if he intends to convert it into a very select and expensive Continental gambling club?

* * *

What the Prince of Wales did with the picture post-card which he bought at the shop in the Strand?

A French newspaper has published an article describing King George's passion for boxing, and explaining how he arranges private *séances* at Buckingham Palace for the edification of Queen Mary. How *did* the journal get to know these interesting "facts"?

* * *

If Mr. Rosenthal is thinking of letting the Pier Pavilion at Brighton to a troupe of "futurist" entertainers, among whom will figure—anonymously—two quite well-known Society women?

* * *

If "Ashes" at the Coliseum may be described as a great success?

* * *

The identity of the Brooklands aviator who never makes an ascent unless he is more than three-parts intoxicated?

* * *

Who was responsible for the report that the Prince of Hohenzollern was coming to England to take his daughter, King Manoel's wife, back with him to her own country?

* * *

If certain leading actresses who will be present at the Midnight Ball in aid of the National Institute for the Blind have decided to sell their dances by auction to the highest bidder?

* * *

If the young Earl of Lathom has great aspirations towards the concert platform, and if his latest song is "What's it got to do with you"?

* * *

The name of the eccentric artist who is giving an exhibition of paintings in a Chelsea tea-shop, and if he thinks that they will take the cake?

* * *

If the wealthy soap manufacturer is not very annoyed that he has been black-balled from the famous yachting club?

* * *

If Miss Mabel Russell is about to become an actress-manageress?

* * *

What Alfred Lester will do with the funny picture which he purchased at "The Laughter Show," and if it will ever succeed in conjuring up a smile to his gloomy countenance?

* * *

If London's famous wig-maker is about to publish a book of reminiscences, and if it will contain some very curious and amusing tales about a number of well-known people?

* * *

If the pretty flapper who went to Hurlingham with the handsome polo player did so without the knowledge of her respected "mamma," and if she spent quite a miserable afternoon dodging people she knew?

The Girl: "But, Mr. Jones, what is really your opinion about women who imitate men?"
The Man: "They're idiots."
The Girl: "Then the imitation is successful."

NEXT WEEK: SPECIAL "NUT AND FLAPPER" NUMBER.

BY THE WAY.

The case in which a doctor sued a patient on a bill including a charge for having luncheons and dinners with him recalls the story of the lawyer who made a similar demand on his client, whereupon the latter thought he would get even with the man of law by charging him with the cost of the wines and refreshments consumed. But the lawyer proved quite equal to the game. He promptly laid information against his client for selling wines and spirits without a licence.

* * *

Dare one criticise as generous the retiring pensions of £5,000 apiece recently conferred upon Mr. Justice Channell and his colleague? Years ago when practising in the Admiralty Court, Mr. Channell, as he then was, took part in a litigation involving a barque named the Ellen. But Mr. Channell persistently called her the Ellen, and at last the Judge remarked: "I have Helen on my chart, but counsel calls her the Ellen. What *is* the name of this barque?" Quick as lightning, counsel on the opposing side retorted: "The vessel was originally called the Helen, m'lud, but she has lost her 'h' in the chops of the Channell."

* * *

The Royal visit to Paris naturally led to much interchange of reminiscences of King Edward among functionaries of the French Government. Not the least interesting was an interpolation by ex-President Loubet: "What a fine fellow Edward VII. was! You knew, he wished to give me the Garter. Insisted upon it, and didn't drop the matter until I said to him, 'But, Sire, you really wouldn't like to see an old man like me going back to knickerbockers!'"

* * *

Early caller: "What time does Lord arise?" Manservant (thoughtfully): "Well, sir, his lordship's generally up at 9.30."

* * *

The grand old specimen of the best type of English country gentleman, Mr. Chaplin, will be able to ponder over some interesting incidents of his life on Derby Day. His mind will inevitably go back to Hermit's Derby, forty-seven years ago, when Mr. Chaplin, the owner, was one of the principal figures in one of the most romantic love and betting affairs in the history of the Turf. That wild and dashing aristocrat and gambler, the Marquis of Hastings, surreptitiously "stole" from young Chaplin the lady whom he was going to marry, one of the most beautiful women of her time; and she became a Marchioness instead of Mrs. Chaplin. But Mr. Chaplin had his revenge when he saw the reckless Marquis (Hermit having gone lame) laying against the ultimate winner of the Derby to lose himself a fortune. And he lost the fortune, too, as turf students will remember, when Hermit rolled home in a snowstorm, and enabled Mr. Chaplin to increase his banking account by a hundred thousand pounds. It was [illegible] turf giants, for Mr. Chaplin were [illegible] heaviest betters ever on a race-course.

* * *

Blue blood still excites awe and veneration in certain quarters, even in these days of hefty books of memoirs and anecdotes of royal and noble personages. Here is a case in point which illustrates the veneration with which the Argyll family is regarded in Roseneath [illegible] years ago. Principal [illegible], then minister of the parish, [illegible] that one of his [illegible] in explaining at [illegible] some grievance he had sustained from a neighbour, finished with this dreadful climax,—"An' waur than that, he had the impudence tae strike me in the presence o' his Grace's horse!"

* * *

Even the White City has turned pink since Mr. Shaw introduced his naughty word to London.

The Carabaret Club, with its "Cave of the Calf," has been struck off the roll at last. Thus another one of our prophecies has borne fruit, for we pointed out the likelihood of this line of action being taken, some six weeks ago. We are glad to notice, however, that in the compulsory closing down of some of the more questionable clubs, the richer and more fashionable ones are not escaping at the expense of the poorer caves of vice. We warn another similar club of its approaching doom. This club prides itself on its bohemianism, and attracts the flashier members of the moneyed class to its cushioned floors near Regent Street. The club started some few years ago in a little back alley off Chancery Lane; the management seemed to make money in a rapid and marvellous way, which could not have been due solely to the sale of drinks, and a short while back the quarters of the club were moved to their present locale, where the atmosphere is three times as fast, flashy, and mysterious, as before.

* * *

Mr. Alfred Lester was asked in cross-examination if he ever "dashed on to the stage." "No," replied Mr. Lester, "I never dash." Mr. Lester has since applied for a part at His Majesty's, but his application was refused.

* * *

"We tire of beauty, but rarely of ugliness," says Mr. M. H. Spielmann, the celebrated art-critic. We may add that it has been whispered that Mr. Spielmann's bedroom contains four mirrors.

* * *

Mr. Richard Henry Powell, author of "The Wynmartins," which Marie Tempest is "presenting" at the Playhouse, is in private life the sporting editor of the *Times*. His play, to which most of the first-night critics were exceedingly unkind, at all events possesses a coherent plot, and a number of splendid acting opportunities for the incomparable Marie. Whether the critics were unkind to Mr. Powell's work because of, or in spite of, his being a fellow journalist, is matter for speculation. Anyhow, having regard to the success of Mr. Cyril Harcourt's harshly-treated firstling, we don't think he need worry.

* * *

Mr. "Monkey" Hornby was not the only first-class cricketer who had an awkward habit of losing his temper on the field. Another was that broth of a bhoy, Sir Timothy O'Brien, *facile princeps* alike with the bat—when Stoddart, Walker, Webbe, Alfred Lyttelton, and Stanley Scott were among his colleagues of the Middlesex eleven—and in the hunting field. It was in a Surrey v. Middlesex match that "a few words" took place between Sir Tim and K. J. Key, then skipper of Surrey. The altercation ended in the peppery Irishman informing Key that he didn't wish to take any lessons in cricket from "a barge-backed butterfingers like you"!

WINGS: OLD AND NEW.

"MODERN LIFE" IN THE COURTS.

We owe our readers an explanation of our position regarding the libel action—Schmitz versus Bowerman's Press, Limited, "publishers of *Modern Life*"—which was heard before Mr. Justice Atkin, in the King's Bench Division last Wednesday.

In the first place *Modern Life* is now owned by Modern Life, Limited, a company registered on February 28th last. No shareholder in Modern Life, Limited, is or was a shareholder in Bowerman's Press, Limited; no director of Modern Life, Limited, is or was a director of Bowerman's Press, Limited. The present proprietors bought the goodwill and copyright of the journal from the Receiver in Bowerman's Press, Limited, after the property had been offered for sale by sealed tender—advertisements to that effect appearing for several days in the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily News* and other newspapers.

The remarks of Mr. Alex. Nielson, plaintiff's counsel, as to the anonymity of the editor were altogether absurd. Very few journals indeed advertise the name of their editor. Amongst those who do (or did until quite recently) we might cite *John Bull*, the *Winning Post*, the *"Pink 'Un,"* *Town Topics* and *London Mail*. In each of these cases you will note that the Editor is also proprietor, or principal proprietor. As a rule, where the Editor is a mere employee, he has no say whatever in the matter, and usually his employers see that his value in the labour market is not increased by giving him a free advertisement at their own expense. This sort of vapouring, however, was only a part of Mr. Nielson's way of earning his fee, and such utterances are so habitual, so conventional, in libel actions that they have long since lost any force.

In conclusion, we have only to inform Mr. Nielson that his statement that the appointment of a Receiver was an attempt to "rob the plaintiff of the fruits of the action" was founded on a misapprehension of the facts, as it implies that the present proprietorship of *Modern Life* is Bowerman's Press under another name, whereas, as we have said earlier, the journal and its present proprietors have absolutely no connection with the firm of Bowerman's Press, Limited, from whose creditors they purchased not the available assets, but only the goodwill and copyright in the title, three months after the alleged libel was committed.

If Mr. Nielson, or the Solicitors who instructed him, had sent along a clerk to Somerset House with a shilling in his pocket, they could have dispelled the alleged cloud of anonymity which rested over the proprietorship of the journal; and for another shilling they could have satisfied themselves as to the construction of the past and present directorate and shareholders, and thus verified our statements. If plaintiff's solicitors had taken these steps they would possibly have saved their clients a good deal of money.

Six months is quite a long time in Fleet Street, and in that period the entire nature of the journal might have been changed—as indeed it has been changed to a very large extent. The journal might now be an organ of the Y.M.C.A., or any other ultra-respectable community. That, however, would not have prevented counsel for plaintiff in this action from standing up in court and making statements which he ought to have known were untrue, and would not have given the present proprietors of the journal the faintest right to defend themselves. Not much British justice about that, is there?

All these facts, we think, will sufficiently explain why an entirely respectable, widely-read and fairly influential journal has apparently tamely allowed a libel action to go by default, thereby exposing itself to the inevitable vilification by plaintiff's counsel. We were not permitted to defend ourselves in Court, and our only resource is consequently to state our case (which in a sense is not *our* case) in these columns.

TABLOID TOPICS.

A Kensington postman has got the knock for book-making. A first-past-the-post man.

* * *

"Man Hunt in Piccadilly," reads a head-line. Isn't rather reversing the usual order of things?

* * *

The new play "Break the Walls Down," presented last week at the Savoy, didn't even raise the roof.

* * *

A daily paper announces: "A hundred people [illegible] the Isle of Man." We should hardly have thought [illegible] enough for *that*.

* * *

"Kissing three girls on the same day is extravagance," said Mrs. Kendal the other day. That's why we always choose night-time.

* * *

"The very newest of Paris modes is the [illegible] fashion," we read. A reaction towards the bearskin of primeval man, we presume.

* * *

A daily says in a headline: "Winston Sees the [illegible] of the Age." Surely this modest young statesman can't have been looking in a mirror!

* * *

"The drive through the streets to Buckingham Palace," says a daily. We thought Kings and Queens drove over the tops of the houses, didn't you?

* * *

A boy of sixteen who appeared before the Tottenham magistrates last week was endowed with a heavy moustache. Verily a young shaver.

* * *

"In order to save his aged parents from distress," advertises a man in the *Times*, "he will sell himself for any purpose." He must be a party politician.

* * *

Re the Grimsby election, the *Manchester Guardian* said: "More than 2,000 of the electors are likely to [illegible]." They were—from the *Guardian* point of view.

* * *

Mr. Rudyard Kipling writes us that it is Bernardly likely that he would let Mr. Shaw monopolize the limelight without having a Rudy-'ard try to get a bit for himself.

* * *

Dr. Terry, of Westminster Cathedral, denies the report that his choir is connected with "The Holy City." But we should have looked upon that as a compliment to a church choir.

* * *

We have been looking at a picture labelled "Madame Grevenkop-Castenskiold, Danish Minister's wife." We [illegible] understand why many women dislike the idea of changing their names on marriage.

* * *

At a dairy farm in Vermont, New Jersey, the [illegible] harsh words by the employees is taboo, because it tends to diminish the milk supply. Only the cows are permitted to give vent to low language.

* * *

"One of the advantages women have in getting married," says Mr. Justice Darling, "is that their husbands are responsible for what the wives say." Goodness gracious, it surely isn't so bad as that?

* * *

"Racecourse burnt down by Militants," [illegible] *Daily Sketch* in a headline. We thought it would [illegible] this. We must really give the charming ladies the [illegible] before they burn any more of it.

Who is the gentleman who is so anxious to witness another meeting between Bombardier Wells and Carpentier? Did he offer Maloney, Wells's manager, £1,000, if he could agree to a contest to take place in private before less than one hundred spectators? Were Mr. Maloney and Wells serious when they held out for £1,250, and if so, why did they not turn up at the meeting as arranged, to sign articles with Mr. Descamps, Carpentier's manager, who had crossed the Channel especially for that purpose? What's the matter with you, Wells?

NEXT WEEK: SPECIAL "NUT AND FLAPPER" NUMBER.

THE HENDON GIRL.

Few men look well fed who live on their past reputations.

* * *

Just as soon as we discover that ignorance is bliss, it isn't.

* * *

If the rolling stone gathers no moss, it acquires a certain polish.

* * *

No woman can manage a man unless she keeps him from knowing it.

* * *

Speech may be silver and silence golden, but the fellow with the most brass gets the tin.

A married man is seldom older than he looks.

* * *

A widow's advantage is that she can give references.

* * *

Women have so much heart that they don't need any conscience.

* * *

Don't court trouble unless you want to marry it.

* * *

Art is artificial, but artificiality isn't always art.

* * *

Woman needs no eulogy; she speaks for herself.

NEXT WEEK: SPECIAL "NUT AND FLAPPER" NUMBER.

IN STAGELAND.

There will be a strange new experiment early in June at the Palladium, when Mr. Gulliver presents an opera, entitled "Stella," by Mr. Marshall Hall, who sounds rather more Hannah than he really is by reason of the fact that a gentleman of this name is an eminent K.C. Mr. Hall will conduct his own work, and the orchestra will be specially enlarged for the occasion. The scene of the plot is set in Australia, and it looks rather as if the temperature has decided to lend unusual local colour to the production which may not altogether be appreciated.

* * *

Harry Tate tells me that on the occasion of his visit to Marlborough House recently to entertain Queen Alexandra and Their Majesties of Denmark with "Motoring," there was some speculation as to the origin of the explosion necessary to simulate a bursting tyre. Space was very restricted indoor, and revolvers were forbidden, so that versatile youngster of his burst paper bags at the right moment. Harry says his show went very well indeed.

* * *

At the conclusion of the first night of "The Blue Mouse," at the Criterion, there was a speech by Sir Charles Wyndham, who told us that he would be back at the Criterion himself about the end of July. Sir Charles would indeed be welcome, but his reappearance has been promised in vain so often that one would not be entirely safe in depending upon it.

* * *

The Pavilion do not enjoy an uncommon uniformity of excellence in their productions by any means, but "Violet and Pink," their new revue, is so much better than most that it deserves separation from the revue dry-rot which, although not yet exterminated, is very much less painfully evident now than a few months back.

* * *

I did not expect that "Violet and Pink" would have the opportunity of playing again after last Tuesday, as, when I got into Piccadilly Circus about 6.30, the building looked well alight. There was a crowd of approximately ten thousand people watching the firemen on the roof, which was actually blazing. However, when I got into the Circus again about 9 o'clock the Pavilion was open and in full going order, to my great surprise.

* * *

When the monster liner, "Aquitania," steams into mid-river on Friday, 29th inst, she will anchor there for several hours prior to her departure. There will then be held a variety performance for the benefit of the "Aquitania's" guests, and the programme, arranged by Mr. Frank Allen, of Moss Empires, Ltd., is an ambitious affair. Vesta Tilley, Barclay Gammon, Arthur Prince, George Robey, and David Devant are the principal attractions.

* * *

There are two more children who materially brighten vaudeville in a really desirably intellectual way. They are Edith and Herta Althoff, who are astonishingly efficient instrumentalists, and are about ten and eight respectively, I should say. Their performance is utterly incomprehensible, inasmuch as they are only just able to clamber upon their music-stools unassisted; but I heard Liszt's Rhapsodie treated in a marvellous manner at the Victoria Palace.

* * *

You may have seen those photographic posters of Miss Gladys Cooper and Mr. Dennis Eadie, which are being used extensively to advertise "My Lady's Dress." Mr. Eadie's poster is an uncommonly good portrait of—Mr. Charles Gulliver, of the London Theatres of Variety, Ltd.

* * *

Please make a special note that the Theatrical Garden Party this year will be held on Tuesday, June 23rd. This happiest of re- is *the* function of all others that must not be missed under any circumstances. The brightest, most desirable and best- dressed women and girls in the world will be there to sell you things from one shilling upwards. Mr. [illegible] will not manage the "Theatre Royal" on this occasion, however, as he has turned over his interest to Mr. Gerald Maurier. The Committee inform me that Mr. du Maurier has persuaded Barrie, Pinero, Sutro, Arnold Bennett, and most of our leading dramatists to write five-minute dramas which will be acted one after the other at high speed all day by distinguished casts. Buy something from me, please.

* * *

I was chatting the other evening to Mr. Geo. Barclay, who is about the most influential English [illegible] existence at present, I suppose. He runs a [illegible] and he told me the tale of his purchase of [illegible] Richard Wootton, the tragedian. Barclay promptly [illegible] Wootton observed, "Make it three, and to-day." The deal was clinched on the spot, and Galleon [illegible] £1,000 in four events shortly after. George is one of [illegible] fortunate people well endowed with brains, and always receiving an additional push from Dame Fortune just to keep things moving!

* * *

"The Marriage Market" has been running over a year and is still drawing very satisfactorily. Mr. E. W. Royce is back from America and has been pulling the show together, and Royce's operations never fail. There is a gentleman in the Edwardes mènage who is either very surprised at Mr. Royce's return to power, or is an impressive liar, for he told me some weeks since, with an obvious air of profound satisfaction, that Daly's would certainly never see Royce again. I think he is surprised! Mr. Edwardes has gone to Nauheim to recuperate.

* * *

If you are fond of a stray concert now and again it will be a very good investment to add to your list of entertainments one at Chelsea that will assist a healthy charity—the camp fund of the 6th Chelsea Scouts—on Thursday, May 27th inst. Lady Ellan-Smith, Miss Beatrice Meade, Messrs. Reginald Somerville and Arthur Helmore are appearing, and if the heavy work entailed by Croydon's Shakespearean Repertoire week will permit her, Cora Goffin will also appear.

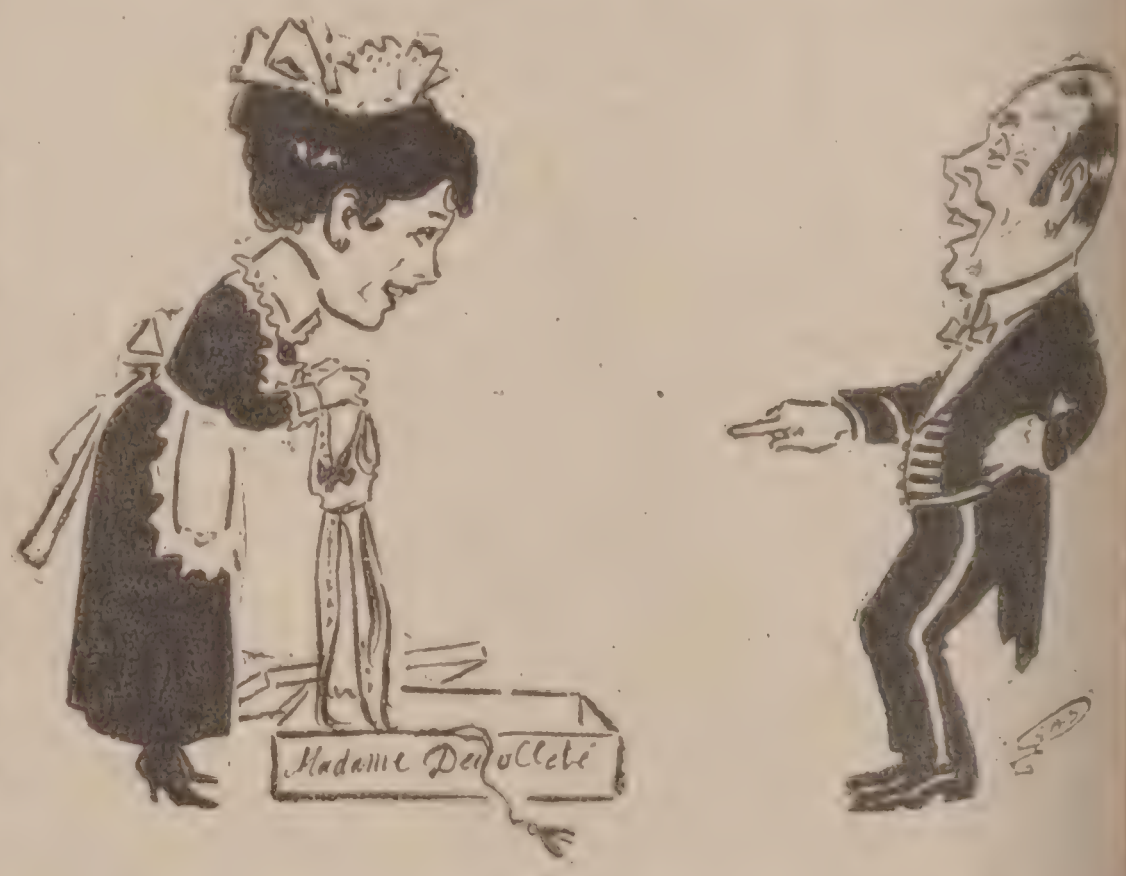
* * *

By the bye, is it true that the libraries did a record [illegible] with Cyril Maude over "Grumpy."

* * *

What has become of the play that Mr. Sydney Grundy wrote for Mrs. Langtry?

W. R. C. R.



"MY LADY'S DRESS."

WHAT HAPPENED TO AUBREY:

LOVE AND FINANCE.

fter the refusal of a winsome lady to accept the Hon-
able Aubrey Harrington's proffered heart, he had
rnily informed me that he was going out to shoot big
e in Africa, was taking the next boat, in fact, for—he
orgotten the name of the place for a moment; it
ded like a tooth-powder—but, any way, he was going
he blank place; he might never come back, ha, ha.
I therefore slightly surprised when four weeks after
above soliloquy I discovered him seated in his cus-
ary chair at the club; but, making use of a deductive
n of reasoning, made notorious by a famous detective,
as confident that Aubrey had not put the big game
[illegible] pace.

" he said, bitterly.

alaam, sahib," I retorted.

he waiter administered to our needs, and we proceeded
rink in silence; but a grunt from Aubrey—I expect the
e was meant for a sigh—made me finish that which was
ing my drooping spirits in delight with precipitate
e.

Dash it all," I remonstrated; "can't you let a fellow
sh his drink in peace?"

Don't," he begged, looking like an every-picture-tells-
ory placard. "I came for sympathy. A fellow may be
rin', y'know."

[illegible] out," I said curtly.

[illegible] his pocket he drew a little case, tastefully tied
coloured ribbon. Slowly he opened it; and reposing
the lining was a half-sovereign, which, as far as appear-
e went, seemed a good one.

Aubrey," I said, "unlock your heart."

t seems that he had been deterred from his expedition
learning from a friend that whilst hunting in the wilds
as necessary to camp out amongst all sorts of pesky
e earwigs, beetles, and other plebeian insects, which
e impervious to—nay, positively doted on—the powder
he good Mr. Keating. As Aubrey explained: Dash it
he didn't mind havin' for bed-fellows lions, tigers,
ddiles, snakes, el-phants, an' all those beastly things,
earwigs—well, he drew the line somewhere, y'know.
ut still, he wanted to forget his great sorrow; to leave
[illegible] with [illegible] memories; to drown
the ocean of oblivion; in short, he wanted to give
the "blues" in peace and quietness. Accordingly,
s suddenly seized with the brainy idea of taking a
y down by the multitudinous seas, altering his name
one of less ambitious sounding, becoming, in fact, a
walker on holiday. Thus would he escape the atten-
of hawks who deemed him a pigeon meet for the pluck-
; thus would he reduce his hotel bill by half. So he
ged his name until further notice, and trained for
sam-by-the-S[illegible].
Wh[illegible]

[illegible] did you take?" I asked.

[illegible]s."

[illegible]ered, but signed to him to proceed.

first day it was heaven on earth. Rising with the
e went down to the beach, where he spent a glorious
with the aid of a little ingenuity. He would crawl
althily up behind an unsuspecting limpet, draw a deep
and endeavour to dislodge it (the limpet) by clump-
suddenly on the back of the head. He bagged no
than sixty-nine in less than two hours. Crabs—he
uevil amongst the crabs; he caught three during one
enoon with a bent pin, and each, he asserted, was a
nt, on his honour.
ut next day he had breakfast in bed.
n [illegible] third day he commenced a poem, in which the
nded with the word "gloom"; the second with the
mely"; the third with the word "doom." The sub-
ed not be pursued farther; the most feeble imagina-
n can supply the word ending the fourth line.
rom this little poem a physiologist would deduce the
[illegible] that Aubrey was beginning to wonder again if
worth living.
ut on the fourth day, on the pier, he beheld a vision.
e was really a beauty, dark-eyed, red-lipped, and a lot
other hyphened epithets—oh, an awfully nice girl, and
brey felt sure that here was someone who could sym-
pathise with a fellow, someone with a generous heart nearly as large as his own.

All this from her face, mind you; but Aubrey's really got a marvellous brain when once it starts working.

He picked up the book she obligingly dropped.

"Rippin' weather, isn't it?"

She did not deny it; and then they both agreed without reserve that the blueness of the sky was abnormal.

That night, as they sat on the rocks together, she told him she was a servant girl on holiday with her mistress—a servant girl from London town.

"Of course," said Aubrey, "I didn't b'lieve her. I didn't think for one moment she was only a servant. As it was, she happened to let slip that her bally home address was Queensborough Mansions, an' when I asked her if that wasn't a high-falutin locality, she blushed, admitted it, an' then explained that her mistress was a very wealthy lady. 'Pon my word, I couldn't help feelin' she was on the same bally game as myself. Besides, she had the regular Vere de Vere stamp. You know. Why, I don't think you yourself would a' thought she was anything' but an aristocrat."

However, not wishing to spoil sport, he had replied to her queries as to his profession by informing her that he was a shopwalker—in the Ribbon Department.

She was delighted; and confessed that her one ambition was to be initiated into the mystery of the lives of these truly great. For instance, were they well paid?

"We get three or four sovereigns every week or so," said Aubrey.

"Three or four? Really? But surely you know exactly your own salary?"

"Well, not to a sovereign or two," admitted Aubrey, "but that's near enough to go on."

He told her in detail how ribbons were manufactured, quoted the present market price, the future, and the past; and, in general, made her large eyes larger by pouring into her willing ear a truly marvellous account of one day in the life of a shopwalker—especially in the Ribbon Department.

Then, feeling that this world was too much with them, he changed the subject and asked her if the jelly fish weren't dear little fellows?

Naturally, before the week was out he had irretrievably lost his heart to the lady and realised that she was the one girl in the whole wide world especially designed for the Honble. Aubrey Harrington. Nay, had she been constructed to his own specification she would not have been altered a jot.

"You don't know how I loved that girl," he sighed.

"I think I do," I said, agreeably.

"Thanks, old man," he muttered; and washed down the lump in his throat with a Benedictine.

In the days that so quickly passed, however, he discovered that his adored one's desire for information as to the life of a shop-walker was insatiable; and as he knew nothing whatever about the matter it became a labour of love to invent disclosures of an ultra-sensational character for his listener's edification. He did so, and was surprised at the imaginative powers that had hitherto lain dormant within him.

But at last those happy days came to an end. The blood of Aubrey's heart went back to London—per South-Eastern 4.10 p.m. passenger express—leaving him disconsolate. Still, he had her address, and he meant to call in a few days, reveal himself in the full glory of his true identity, and press his suit. In the meantime he wired his valet to press his trousers with magnitudinal care.

Two days later, in the privacy of a first-class smoker, he shook the sand of Flotsam-by-the-Sea from out his shoes; and on arrival at his chambers, by consulting the Directory, he discovered that the occupant of the house in which his lady lived was named Lady Vendeuse. He felt sure that was she, and accordingly, in due course, called; rang the bell: but—

"When the bally door was opened, I'm blanked- "

"Of course," I interrupted, "your aristocrat *was* really a servant maid."

"You're another," said Aubrey, sullenly. "She wasn't. When the bally door was opened "

NEXT WEEK: SPECIAL "NUT AND FLAPPER" NUMBER.

"The bird began to sing," I said. I was rattled. "For heaven's sake cut the cackle."

"When the bally door was opened, I'm blanked if I hadn't left my card-case at home. It was awf'lly rotten."

By the means of bakshish, however, he was ushered into my lady's presence as "A gentleman to see you," finding that his dreams were true.

It was she—the lady he'd tried to interest in regard to the antics of jelly-fish, the lady he'd protected from the claws of fiendish crabs, the lady he loved. She was—

"Ah!" he asked me sadly, "when shall I again behold her like?"

Any way, she looked at him; and in Aubrey's own words: "'You,' she gasped, like a bally book. 'Me,' I said, like a bally ass."

And then—O ye pitiless immortals who wield the rod of destiny!—she told him that in future when he called from his masters he must always go round to the tradesmen's entrance.

Quickly Aubrey told her that he had no ulterior motive in visiting her; nay, he had come on a joyous errand. He loved her dearly, and would she marry him, please?

Lady Vendeuse was amused. She's easily that. *Who's Who* gives her recreations as: Draughts, soap bubbles, and tiddleywinks.

"You silly boy," she said. "Don't be absurd. How could *I*, with the blood of a thousand earls in my veins, marry *you*, a shop-boy-walker, or something like that?"

She went on to say that she was sorry if she hurt his feelings, but the sole reason of her escapade was this: she was writing a book on the lower middle-class, and believe her, she was really indebted to Aubrey for all the information he had given her in regard to his particular set. She would like him to honour her by accepting a copy of the book when it was published—'Middle Mites", it was called; he was the hero

In vain he protested that he wasn't really a shopwalker; that, in fact, he had done even as she did; that, in fact—

Lady Vendeuse was pained. Though he moved in a totally different sphere—

"But I don't, I tell you," protested Aubrey. "My father's the—" she had looked on him as almost a gentleman, and she begged him not to spoil the impression he had made by fibbing in such a *shocking* manner. How could she have known so much of shop-life if he were not a shop-walker, or something like that?

"'And honestly, old man," said Aubrey in a hollow voice, "when her dear sweet eyes looked into mine I could not bear to tell her that I'd been pullin' her leg . . . She rang the bell and I was shown out."

I could see by the melancholy way in which Aubrey regarded the pattern of his socks that his was a sorrow that lay too deep for tears. A little time after, in a Wodehouse good of any fink-Why-nuffink voice, he explained that it had been the real thing. His heart was broken. In fact he had merely come to me to say good-bye. He was going away. For ever.

"But the half-sovereign, Aubrey?" I asked.

"Oh, to blank with that. Blanknation take it! . . . She slipped that into my hand to help heal my aching heart." And something as like a snarl as I have heard from came from Aubrey's mouth.

I sprang excitedly to my feet. "Congratulations," I shouted, seizing his hand.

"Congratulations? The devil! What for?"

"Why," I said, "this is the first of your many love affairs that has been a financial success."

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WITH MOTOR-CYCLE AND CAR

Motorists are nowadays as boringly garrulous as the abandoned golfer. Wherever we congregate the topic has a knack of wandering from the weather to carburetters, thence, via silencers and magnetos, into problems as to the Utopian position of the clutch. All this is interesting for us, and very well for pedestrians or pedallers. Indeed, many a faithful adherent of the bike has, I believe, been bullied into petrol. Poor fellow had to buy a car or a "combination" in order to understand what the world was talking about. No sooner has he got delivery of his new model than he announces that it is better than anything that has gone before, and cannot possibly be improved on in the future. But other times other opinions. Year after year the manufacturers bring out the 'impossible'—and year after year they improve on it a few months later. Thus it is that wherever automobilists meet "Has the limit been reached?" provides the absorbing subject of conversation.

* * *

It would not be difficult to fill a dozen columns with suggestions for possible improvements in engine design and standardisation of controls. As it is, however, we must remain satisfied with what the great factories already provide. But reform is urgently necessary in another direction. No. Our roads are mere useless anachronisms. They were made in the old days, when the world worked slowly, in a maze of intersecting tracks, which turned and twisted and climbed in a most unnecessary manner, fulfilled their purpose admirably. They were most useful for the production of Christmas cards, and quite indispensable for courting couples. Now and again too a rattling trap or a bicycle could raise their dust. But since the introduction of the internal combustion engine these sleepy byeways and bumpy highways have been "woken up." Cars, omnibuses, traction engines, emerging in a brief decade from the workshops that cluster around Coventry, have poured in an unending stream through Britain's roads. And the latter have not "made good."

* * *

New wine in old bottles is stated on the authority of the unbiassed volume to produce disastrous results. Certainly old vehicles jumbled together in older roads present as unfortunate a combination. Motor-cyclists number among their ranks far too few men over thirty. There must be thousands past middle-age who cannot afford a car, but who would gladly become the owners of a motor-cycle if there is one thing above all others which prevents them from attaining their desire it is the fear of modern conditions. They see heavy horsed drays careering down the centre of the road, or butchers' carts rushing forth headlong from side turnings. On their Saturdays, if they live in London, they find their highways and their byways monopolised by Territorials, Boy Scouts, or bands of urchins. Day after day they read of accidents and of traps. Naturally enough they say "These roads are no places for me." Although we have revolutionised our conditions the rules of the road remain where they were years and more ago. Reform is urgently needed.

MODERN SPORT
FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

A few weeks ago I told my readers of the serious illness of Mr. R. E. Foster, one of the most famous ball game players of all time. Little did I think then that he was seriously ill that he should lose him from among us within a few short weeks. "Tip" Foster, as he was known by his intimates, was one of a famous brotherhood. [illegible] was the athlete of the lot. R. E. was the all round man of the Foster family. [illegible] unquestionably the best cricketer. [illegible] not quite as great as "H. K." [illegible], he got his [illegible] and was the [illegible]. And with A. [illegible] Cawley, the [illegible] He also [illegible] for Oxford at [illegible] and in the [illegible] much, and [illegible] for England [illegible] at Sydney. [illegible] he was [illegible] against Scotland in [illegible] G. O. Smith, [illegible] incomparable [illegible] Hayward, W. Bar[illegible] and Stephen [illegible] were on the [illegible] and Foster [illegible] Blackburn [illegible] the left. What [illegible] old the selectors [illegible] 1914 have given for such a list?

As a Corinthian [illegible]oster was great, but [illegible] he did not play so much as "G. O.," or [illegible] might have earned as big a name. In spite of his 287 against Australia at Sydney; his two centuries in the Gentlemen and Players match at Lords in 1900; his racquets, golf, and other brilliancies, I shall always remember him as one of the best forwards I ever saw. Still, Foster would have been great at any sport he had taken up, just as "H. K.," Basil, [illegible] and others of the family, who have given the Worcestershire cricket team the nickname of Fostershire.

THE ENGLISH POLO TEAM.

Lord Wimborne has had the devil's own job to get his polo team together for the American trip in quest of the Polo Cup. Major Hunter, his back, had to cry off at the last moment almost, owing to the illness of his wife. It seemed at one time as if it would be quite impossible to find [illegible] of international class to take his place, but [illegible] last moment Capt. Leslie Cheape, of the King's [illegible] Guards, put personal inconveniences on one side [illegible] a pressing invitation, which he had declined [illegible] there was a prospect of another good player being [illegible] to make the journey.

The team will be a purely military one, and though it would have been strengthened, of course, had Mr. W. S. [illegible]ster and Mr. W. M. Freake been able to make the [illegible] we must hope for the best. Mr. Buckmaster has been in indifferent health, and feels that he could not stand the strain of playing in June on the Meadowbrook ground. Mr. Freake has pressing business engagements, that [illegible] the ostensible reason, but I should not be surprised [illegible] has dislike of the publicity, and other things connected [illegible]th international polo, had also something to do with his decision. After all international sport, run as it is in America, is not the earth. I fancy Sir Thomas Lipton, with all his love of advertisement, would hardly be so keen on the American Cup and the building of Shamrocks, but for the fact that he can always live on his yacht when across the herring pond after that most elusive trophy, and thus for some time, at any rate, dodge the irrepressible American interviewer.

So England's team will consist of Capt. H. A. Tomkinson (Royal Dragoons), Capt. the Hon. J. P. D. Bingham and Capt. F. W. Barrett (15th Hussars), and Capt. Cheape. In addition Major B. H. Mathew Lannowe (Queen's Bays) is going out as fifth man, and Lord Wimborne himself will also be a reserve. Lord Wimborne, with native modesty, says he is all very well as a second reserve, but he is all the same a rattling good player.

There will be a cheerful crowd on the "Carmania," which sailed to-day (Saturday). It will include, in addition to the team and reserves, Lady Wimborne, Lady Rodney, Mrs. F. W. Barrett, and the Duke of Penaranda, the well-known Spanish player, whose name is so well known in connection with the Quidnuncs.

No fewer than 36 of the best ponies procurable have been despatched to the scene of operations. The best known are the Duke of Westminster's famous pony Energy, Mr. J. D. Gouldsmith's Felicity, and Capt. Cheape's Milltown and Peppercorn. On the score of mounting Lord Wimborne's side will certainly be in no inferior position to the Yankees, and perhaps like J. W. H. T. Douglas's much criticised cricket team, the side will settle down into a really formidable combination.

Captain Cheape, who has gone out as back, is perhaps better as a forward. He is a magnificent horseman, and can hit hard with equal facility on either side of his pony. Capt. Barrett, at No. 3, is as good as anyone they have in America; in fact, the two above named will have to bear the brunt if victory is to be gained, for Captains Tomkinson and Bingham are not quite of the class of men who have already failed to capture the polo ashes in the States.

Capt. Tomkinson had a purler at Hurlingham in a collision with Lord Wodehouse last week, and hurt his shoulder. Fortunately, the injury was not serious. Well, good luck, and a victory is all we can wish the team, got together under such difficult circumstances by Lord Wimborne.

BOXING.

So Georges Carpentier and Gunboat Smith have been matched for the World's White Championship, and will meet in London. Boxing in these days is a bit sultry, but there will be a tremendous crowd to see that encounter. But for his peculiar temperament Wells might have been one of the pair, but we shall give the foreigners a good show in the old city.

The great match of the immediate future is Pat O'Keefe and Jim Sullivan, present and past holders of the Lonsdale middle-weight belt, at the National Sporting Club, on Monday. Both are scientific boxers, and if Sullivan can get O'Keefe going in the first round or so he may win. Otherwise I should back the veteran Irishman.

THE CHIEL AMANG YE.

NEXT WEEK: SPECIAL "NUT AND FLAPPER" NUMBER.

GOLF.

Something will have to be done soon to limit the number of players in the Amateur Golf Championship. This year the entry of 232 was absolutely unwieldy. And the annoying part of it all is that barring being drawn against another rabbit, not one half of those who secure some measure of cheap fame by entering ever have a suspicion of hope that they will survive the first two rounds.

It may be in limiting the entry to plus men instead of scratch players; it may be in holding qualifying competitions that it will be done. It is quite certain that 64 or at the most 128 players are quite enough to take part in the championship proper every year. Just think of what has happened this year. Three days of play had been broken into before the first and second round had been completed, and even then there were a great many byes in the first round.

I am, of course, writing before the result is even "sticking out a mile," but the fact remains that the best of the American players, with the solitary exception of "Chick" Evans, were outed before the third round was finished, a complete vindication of the strength of English Amateur Golf, if one were needed.

MR C.A. PALMER,
WHO CREATED A SENSATION IN THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP BY DEFEATING THE AMERICAN CHAMPION MR W J TRAVERS IN THE FIRST ROUND.

The great Ouimet, conqueror of Vardon, Ray, and Reid, in the American open championship last fall, was beaten by H. S. B. Tubbs, a City man who plays week-ends, and was a scratch player at Littlestone-on-Sea when he was seventeen. He was always playing better golf than the Yankee, but curiously enough nearly collapsed when the match was won. Doubtless playing before such a big gallery had an unnerving effect.

Fred Herreshoff and the great J. D. Travers, America's "Invincible," he has been dubbed, all had met their Waterloo.

"Chick" Evans is the most popular of the Yankee golfers who have in the past come over here in the hope of winning the English championship. This time his mother came by way of mascot, and if he has got through to the final, which will be played to-day, there will be a big crowd to see the match, and we shall not grudge the young American his triumph. It takes some doing to come from the other side and win a British Golf Championship, with our Hiltons, Grahams, Harrisons, John Bulls, Gillies, and Macfarlanes doing duty for the old country.

Much interest of a snobbish nature was aroused over the doings of Harry Stevens, the Surbiton railway porter, who was beaten by Bob Howie, the old Caledonian Scottish footballer, in the second round. Howie had never got into the third round before, but he had to face Tubbs, the conqueror of Ouimet, and was beaten. He is a member of the Muswell Hill Golf Club, the town by the way.

Congratulations to Miss Cecil Leitch on at last winning the Ladies' Championship. She had a terrific fight with Miss Ravencroft in the final, but came into her own. She is unquestionably the best lady player, and as it will be remembered the one chosen to demonstrate the fact that the man champion could not give the best lady player a stroke in a big match. She played Harold Hilton 72 holes on different courses, and won by 2 up. Her victory in the championship was but appropriate.

NIBLICK.

MORE QUERIES.

When her Ladyship intends to patent the device for serving eggs which she has invented at her model dairy in Somerset?

* * *

If the London daily, which wished its "many returns" on its birthday, was guilty of *entendre*?

* * *

If Princess Mary does not receive quite a "dot" under the will of the late Duke of Argyll?

* * *

Why the Marchioness of Townshend is no speaking terms with the wife of the well-known

* * *

If a "white hope" has been discovered in an ex-'Varsity "blue"?

* * *

If the famous tango dancer is not having a good time at the quiet South Coast sea-side resort, and if the offer of the West End music-hall manager was sufficiently tempting to induce her to return to London?

— Ye —
Bishops Gate
Sports House
FOR
Everything
TENNIS.
KEEN PRICES
Special Terms
WE HAVE IT.
The "Bisley."
DOUBLE STRUNG CENTRE,
FANTAIL HANDLE,
15/-
WONDERFUL VALUE.
RIGGS, The Sports Outfitter,
107, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON.
'Phone—3896 London Wall.
Wire—"Ricochet, London."

...NANCE & ASSURANCE.

...sidering the gravity of the recent crisis, the Stock ...nge may be said to have survived it fairly well, ... having been avoided by the prompt ... powerful interests to which we referred last ... When it was seen that the Mid-May Account passed ...thout serious troubles, the tension was considerably ...d. Home Rails are rather more cheerful, the posi... having been helped by the glorious weather conditions ...anticipations of exceptional Whitsuntide holiday ...s for the Southern lines. Foreign Rails, especially ... have been a bright spot. Canadian Pacifics ...isplayed considerable activity, some buying being ...d from the Continent. The Oil Market has been in ...ful mood, "Shells," North Caucasians and Mexican ...s having been bought. Rubbers are rather depressed ... to the lower prices for the commodity. The "syn... rubber" scare has not been treated very seriously, ...ugh it has been freely discussed. The Mining Market ...ues in a depressed condition, favourable factors ... scarce. Altogether, there is very little business doing ... permanent, the general financial position in Paris ... Mexican affairs taking a bad turn, rendering ...ntors and speculators extremely nervous.

* * *

...It is rumoured that one of the London even... ...ers is in serious difficulties, and may at any moment ... to face the problem of suspension. The crushing ...n of distribution renders success in such an enterprise ...nely difficult. One evening paper spends £1,000 a ... alone.

* * *

...nk it desirable to caution our readers not to invest ... their money in kinematographic ventures. Most of ...oncerns are doing badly, and are likely to do worse ...petition increases, and the craze passes. One com... ...that promised dividends of 40 per cent. per annum from ...s of about £23,000 has only earned about £2,300!

* * *

..." we happen to know, some very dubious Oil ...truses now being polished up for submission to the ...British public eager for fat profits. Our readers should ...le these documents very warily, and would probably ... money by dropping most of them into the waste-paper ...et.

* * *

...e "Synthetic" Rubber scare, which is being revived, ...been a thorn in the rubber shareholders' flesh ever ... the famous boom of 1910. From time to time the ...et has received a severe shock by the announcement ... a beautiful artificial rubber was about to be placed ... market. But, of course, nothing serious has ...ened. Hund...s of brainy inventors have attempted ...feat... in America, where millions of dollars ... a vain attempt to manufacture an ...

* * *

...several years past the desirability of a sixpenny ...ntic cable tariff has been discussed in Canada and in ... country—mainly by big newspaper proprietors ...ous to get the maximum of news at the minimum of ... We hear that the question of a new Atlantic cable ...pany, prepared to introduce a sixpenny tariff, is now ...g discussed in certain influential quarters. Cleverly ...ni... and exploited, such an enterprise should prove ...s. ...success. The Atlantic cable tariff has stood ... word for nearly thirty years.

* * *

...here is no doubt that the man in the street is developing ...ormal financial sagacity. While he has always been ...ing to buy in order to sell on the rise, he never quite ...erstood the gentle art of "bearing"—selling and ...purchasing on a fall. But, apparently, he is now nibbling ...his fascinating game, by playing which the professionals ...ently made splendid profits.

* * *

GILT-EDGED SCURITIES.

The following selection of gilt-edged securities yield, ...present quotations, over £4 per cent. :—

	Price	Yield Per Cent. £ s. d.
...ney (City of) Loan 1922	105	4 3 0
...rmania Loan, 1940-50	99	4 2 0
...tern Australia Loan, 1942-62 ...	99	4 2 3
...fort (City of) 4½ Per Cent. Loan, 1933	104	4 6 3

Which is the best assurance office? is a question that is frequently put to us by intending assurants. As a matter of fact, although there is no office that is best for everything some companies have evolved policies and benefits that cannot be equalled by other companies. Experts are well aware that certain companies can offer exceptional terms for annuities: one or two have endowment schemes which cannot be equalled by their competitors; others secure big business by their low rates for whole life or limited payment policies. There is at least one company that will give people in indifferent health facilities for assurance that they can seldom secure elsewhere. Lives that are rejected by the average offices are accepted by the company in question—on terms, of course.

* * *

Long experience teaches us that young men do not sufficiently study the possibilities of assurance for the saving of money and the consolidation of their position. They forget that their age is a tremendous asset. When about twenty they can secure assurance benefits on such low terms that they have every inducement to take out a policy.

* * *

Many a man of twenty-five, suddenly awakened to the attractions of matrimony by meeting some conspicuously attractive affinity, bitterly regrets not having started younger to create an estate by the acquisition of a sound policy. Whoever postpones the transaction finds that the premiums become much heavier year by year. Thus at age twenty the premium for the assurance of £1,000 at age fifty or previous death, would be about £27 per annum; at age thirty, £43. This is without profits. In most assurance transactions age talks, and the man who "gets in" early stands on velvet all his life.

* * *

Suppose two men are after the same girl? One has prudently started a policy for £1,000 payable at a certain age, or at previous death. The other has devoted his surplus cash to the genial effort to "have a good time." Which would be likely to secure the prize? For, after all, the most romantic girl is usually at the same time intensely practical, and knows the value of this admirable protection against the shafts of Fate.

* * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Replies are sent by post to readers enclosing stamped addressed envelope

"Kaffir" (Manchester).—We do not advise you to sell your holdings, which all have merit and prospects. Considerable improvement is expected in the Kaffir market when the present international and political complications have been straightened out.

"Income" (Bayswater).—Yes. We could give you a list of sound British Industrial Companies yielding at present prices 5 per cent. But, of course, such securities are never quite so suitable for the small investor as the gilt-edged securities we deal with week by week. Obviously the higher interest offered involves increased risk.

J. K. (Camden Road).—We cannot advise you to invest in the shares you mention; you can do very much better than that. Let us know what amount you have to invest, and we will suggest some *safe* security.

"Small Investor" (Nottingham).—See reply to "J.K."

"Annuitant" (Clapham).—Company you mention is sound and trustworthy. Amount is small, but they might offer you about £7 per annum.

Rhodesian.—At the present moment the Chartered Company's position is somewhat uncertain; the question of the renewal of its charter is now under discussion, and the future market value of Chartered and other leading Rhodesian securities must necessarily be affected by the decision of the Imperial authorities. Hold your shares.

Pax (Bradford).—Sorry you bought the shares before consulting us. We do not like the company or its directors, and fear that you may not be able to escape a loss unless prospects improve considerably. Write to us in about three months' time; we may then be able to suggest the best course to adopt.

"Boston."—We do not think that you would be well advised in buying American Rails on margin, as suggested by the philanthropic outside broker named. The market is just as tricky as the broker; between the two you could not hope for a sporting chance.

A B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE
(45th Edition, 1914).
Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers.
FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.,
84, PALL MALL, MANCHESTER.

"KISSING."
An entertaining little book full of amusing hints and reflections as well as much fine wisdom. There are chapters on "How," "When," "Where," "Missed Kisses," "Doing without Girls," "Jealousy," "Kissing as an accomplishment," "Flirting," "Kissableness," et ... A clever and dainty encyclopædia on a fascinating subject. Post free, 1/-
EXOTIC PUBLISHING Co., CAXTON HOUSE,
GREAT CHARLES STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

New and Wonderful Discovery.

NOW IS THE BEST TIME OF THE YEAR FOR THE CURE OF RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, LOSS OF ENERGY, DEPRESSION.

NO ailments of the human body have baffled the efforts of medical science so much as Rheumatic and Nervous Troubles. Drugs have absolutely failed, as sufferers from rheumatic and nervous troubles know to their bitter cost.

Doctors, scientists, and wealthy sufferers now know that the only successful methods are those of Electricity. Doctors recommend them to all their patients who are able to spare the time and money for this form of treatment. That such treatment is temporarily successful there is no doubt, but the benefit is very short-lived, and the patient must take the treatment at frequent intervals, involving constantly-recurring expense.

The problem before medical scientists has been how to get rid of these drawbacks, and it will be of great interest to readers to have the following particulars of the discovery at last of a method of perfecting the hitherto only partly successful Electric Treatment, so as to make it—

1. *Inexpensive,*
2. *Continuous,* and
3. *Permanently Curative.*

The inventor has named his discovery of the "Galvopad Insoles" after Galvani, the famous scientist who discovered Galvanism, or Galvanic Electricity. This Galvanic current has been proved by scientists to be the form of energy most akin to what is known as "Animal (human) Electricity." It is the lack of this human electricity that gives rise to such distressing health conditions.

If you are a sufferer you do not need to be informed that you feel the lack of this subtle element of life, this "something" that is responsible for the moving of the wheels of your life.

Try to imagine, then, the importance of this valuable discovery of a method of imparting new energy to your sluggish system. This, however, is precisely the improvement that is brought about in yourself by wearing a pair of GALVOPAD INSOLES. The GALVOPAD INSOLES are in the form of a series of metal plates, or foot batteries, shaped to the feet, and are worn between the insole of the boots (or shoes) and the socks (or stockings).

The GALVOPAD INSOLES generate a mild and—what is most important—*continuous* Galvanic current that circulates upwards throughout the network of nerves of your body. *No shock is felt.* Only an exceedingly pleasant warming sensation permeating your whole body is experienced, and without the slightest discomfort even when walking.

Galvopad Insoles Banish Pain and Depression Quickly.

Wear them in your shoes. They will work for your good while you work, play, or rest, while you walk or sit: indoors and out of doors. And no one need know anything except that you look like a new man or woman after a few days' use.

Within from three to ten days (according to the amount of poison in your system) the GALVOPAD INSOLES can show deposit evidence of the poisonous uric acid being withdrawn from your body *via* the sweat-pores of the feet. The GALVOPAD INSOLES can easily be cleaned with some metal cleaning powder.

This may sound too good to be true, especially when the low price (5s. a pair) of the GALVOPAD INSOLES is taken into consideration.

The set of GALVOPAD INSOLES will be sent in plain wrapper, by return post, on receipt of your order (state whether for Gent or Lady) and remittance (Postal Order) addressed to

GALVOPAD COMPANY,

(Dept. B),

199, STRAND,

W.C.

RACING.

BY "OBSERVER."

The field that will go to the post in the contest for the blue riband of the turf on Wednesday will be above the average in point of numbers. Many owners are [illegible] their candidates to compete on the off chance, as it is prevalent that the three-year-olds are not a very [illegible] lot this year. Apart from Kennymore the probables certainly do not strike one as being quite up to the age of Derby fields of the past.

On all public running Sir John Thursby's Kennymore, appears to have the race at his mercy. It is not surprising that the son of John O'Gaunt-Cro is a raging hot favourite. There are, as usual, many corner tips for the race, but it is doubtful if many ow have great confidence in their candidate's chance the Manton horse. I hear on very good authorit Kennymore's connections have no qualms abou not being suited by the incline at Epsom, and the case then Kennymore can scarcely lose.

It is now exactly ten years since Sir John a horse that was looked upon as a potential the great Epsom classic, and that colt, John the sire of Kennymore—ran second to St. Amant That race, always written down as the Thun Derby, was an extraordinary affair as the wretched conditions frightened some of the competitors out lives. Indeed so scared was Mr. Leopold de Rot horse, St. Amant, that he ran for dear life and w race while some of the field dallied at the start.

At one period it seemed likely that the Kemp little chance of securing this year's Derby forward running of his candidate, Brakespear market Stakes the other day, has placed His M in the running for his first success in the blue the turf. No victory could be more popular success of Brakespear, and there will be a rare enthusiasm on the historic Downs if the son of Spear Guinea Hen wins. On his form behind Corcyra, him over a mile and a quarter by the narrow margin short head, Brakespear holds a capital chance, are more unlikely things than his winning on Wed

Mr. J. B. Joel has in the past had exceptional fortune with his horses in classic races, and Bla his candidate, is thought likely to follow up Sun tory of 1911. Since running third to Kenny Corcyra in the Two Thousand Guineas Black has been the subject of unfavourable rumour, but it stood that the adverse reports concerning him foundation. Carancho, by his decisive victory ageous and Land of Song, fourth in the Two Guineas, in the Burwell Plate at the last Newmark up, impressed one as being likely to make a g on Wednesday. Carrickfergus [illegible] to the Payne Stakes at the same meeting, again beat Cupidon and Ambassador. Col. the owner of Carrickfergus, is said to be very winning the Derby. It will be remembered Colonel stated that he would win the St. Leger wi Hawk last year some time before the last of classics was decided. Night Hawk, to the prise of the public, won that race easily. The hope of France, but on his form in the Thousand Guineas his chance of success does not to be very bright. In summing up I give a very co vote to KENNYMORE,

places may be secured by Black Jester and Caran

Very bright sport is assured for the meeting at this week, and provided the weather remains so de fully fine, we shall have occasion to read more sto record attendances on the popular Downs. commences on Tuesday, when Gold Vein may Egmont Plate, Kiltoi in the Norbury Plate, and in the Epsom Plate. On Derby day the Stewards' cap may fall to The Forest. The Durdans Plate day may be won by Blue Stone, and the Royal Siller.

The race for the Oaks on Friday appears likely fairly open affair. Lord Derby's filly Glorvina is fav and she should win.

At Kempton Park on Saturday Mount Willi score in the Windsor Castle Handicap, and Grav in the Kingston Handicap.

"TEN PER CENT. DISCOUNT."

Veronica burst in on me one morning. "I'm going shopping, Jack, and I want you to come with me," she announced.

I did not demur, for during the two years of our married life I had become accustomed to these little spurts of extravagance on Vera's part. Besides, who could resist her? She looked positively radiant in her neat tailor-made costume, and white fox furs. I meekly obeyed her commands and accordingly eleven o'clock saw us laden with trophies of Vera's bargains.

"Now for the boot shop," she said, "and then for lunch."

I heaved a sigh of relief, but too soon. Some impish voice bade Veronica turn her glance to the window opposite, where was posted a large bill. Her face lit up.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, "suppose it's a sale!"

I suppose my face betrayed my feelings, for she said in rather an affronted tone, "Well, you don't seem very pleased."

I hastily assured her I quite approved, and we crossed over to the other side.

"Ten per cent. discount," she read, excitedly; then, in a funereal voice, "for wedding orders."

For some moments she stood dejectedly drumming her fingers on the glass, then suddenly her face broke into a dazzling smile.

"We'll pretend we are engaged," she whispered, at the same time slipping her wedding ring into my hand.

Before I could recover sufficiently to stop her she was disappearing through the glass doors; and, hastily cramming the ring into my breast pocket, I followed her.

A short, fat, sandy-haired man came forward to attend to our wants, for whom I conceived an immediate dislike.

Vera was explaining that it was a wedding order, when—horror of horors!—the wedding ring fell at my feet with a loud clang. The assistant bent and picked it up.

"The—er—," he began, but I murmured in reply to his unfinished question: "To-morrow!" and Vera having completed her purchase we departed.

At the bottom of the street she was still exulting, when I, casting a furtive glance behind, saw the sandy-haired assistant pursuing us. We ran, dodged, and scrambled from beneath the very noses of horses, and finally dived into a convenient café, very hot, breathless and nervous.

It was in the middle of lunch that Veronica asked me for her ring. In vain I searched my pockets—it had gone!

The little tyrant insisted on my buying her another there and then, and when I at last hailed a taxi for the homeward journey I was feeling very downhearted.

It was some days before I could screw up enough courage to pass that shop, but when at length I did do so that spectral creature pounced out on me.

"Oh, sir," he said, in honeyed tones, "you left this when you were in the shop on Friday, and—er—I—ahem—thought you might want it for the—er—ceremony."

One glance I took at the object he now held out to me in the palm of his hand; then, grabbing it, I fled, covered with shame and blushes. For it was Veronica's wedding ring!

THELMA CLIFTON.

Amongst recent school-boy "howlers" we find mention that a lad spelt marriage m-i-r-a-g-e. He was nearer the truth than he knew.

* * *

Another discomfort is to visit those spoony couples who do their courting in kinema theatres. It is now possible to take photographs in the dark.

* * *

The *Musical Director* informs us that "When Love Creeps Into Your Heart" will be sung by pierrots at Brighton this summer. Thanks for the warning.

* * *

From the announcements of the *Daily Mail's* seaside bathing insurance scheme we gather that a husband's policy does not cover his wife. Neither does her bathing costume, as a rule.

* * *

Sonia Darbell, of the Opera Comique, Paris: "It is sufficient to make ourselves slaves to dress in the evening . . ." Our own revue actresses have been emancipated for some time.

ROYAL NAVAL and MILITARY TOURNAMENT

Patron:
His Most Gracious Majesty the King.

MAY 14th to the 30th.

Twice Daily at 2.30 and 8 p.m.

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Boxes, 5 to 8 Guineas.

Admission to morning competitions 10 to 12.30, 2/6.

OURSELVES AND OTHER PEOPLE.

Dartle: What is your idea of experience?

Wysead: Experience is the result of wanting everything you can't get and getting everything you don't want.

* * *

THEN HE WENT.

"I am always carried away by that song," he said, as she rose from the piano.

"So you told me once before," she rejoined. "That's why I sang it."

* * *

Beer has often a higher and whiter collar than the man who drinks it.

* * *

"And are you not married yet?"

"No."

"Well, well, I thought you were engaged to a certain young lady at Brighton?"

"No, I was engaged to an uncertain young lady at Brighton, and that is why I am not married."

* * *

IT DAWNED ON HIM.

Hubly: What do you know about children? You're not married.

Lift Attendant: No. I'm not married, but I've brought up a great many families in my time.

* * *

The trouble with the people who stand up for their rights is that they sit on everybody else's.

* * *

May: I hear that Charles's uncle left him a fortune.

Fay: Yes, and I expect to derive much benefit from it.

May: Indeed! Going to marry Charles?

Fay: No. I'm going to marry the lawyer who settled up the estate.

GOLF JARGON.

Binks (who has lost previous hole to local J.P.): "Your honour, I believe" J.P.: "Well, hardly that, Your Worship, to be correct."

—"Sydney Bulletin."

CONJUGAL AMENITIES.

"When you look me in the eyes, dear, your eyes always have such a stupid expression!"

"Yes, darling. Probably because they reflect your adorable image."

—Pages Folies.

AND KEEP THE PROMISE.

He: Darling, refuse me, and I shall never love another girl!

She (briskly): What I want is a man who will promise me that if I accept him.—*Judge.*

* * *

MAKE-UP.

"Going to the Dansant to-night, Clarice?"

"I haven't made up my mind, yet, Reg."

"For the love of Pete! Aren't you satisfied with what you do to your face?"—*Cornell Widow.*

* * *

Mrs. Henrypeck (looking up from her reading): The writer says that widows make the best of wives.

Mr. Hendrypeck: But really, my dear, you can hardly expect me to die just in order to make a good wife of you.—*Stray Stories.*

* * *

SURE.

"Do you know where the little boys go who don't put their Sunday-school money in the plate?"

"Yes'm—to the movies."—*Williams Purple Cow.*

* * *

QUIP FROM A CLINIC.

Doctor: Colonel Fuller de Rhumm is dead.

Physician: Weak kidneys?

Doctor: No; fast liver!—*Harvard Lampoon.*

* * *

PERSONAL DELIVERY PREFERRED.

Aunt Jane (forbiddingly): One of the most insulting things a man can do, Marion, is to throw a kiss at a girl. Don't you agree with me there?

Marion: I certainly do, auntie—when there is no impenetrable barrier between.—*Judge.*

* * *

ANCIENT, MEDIEVAL, MODERN.

Bad news and ditto eggs had best be broken gently.—*Phila. Ledger.*

When Luke McLuke wrote it two years ago, it read: "Bad news and bad eggs should be broken gently."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Just so! And when we wrote it four years ago, it read thus: "How do you tell a bad egg?"

"If I have anything to tell a bad egg, I break it gently."—*Boston Transcript.*

Don't get excited, gentlemen. The thing had whiskers when Noah was a boy.—*Biddeford Journal.*

Not so; it was a female egg. And, as *The Argus* remarked away back in 1803: "News dropt to a woman is like a fresh egg—everybody will soon know it, broken ever so gently."—*Eastern Argus.*

NEXT WEEK: SPECIAL "NUT AND FLAPPER" NUMBER.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

The long overdue revival in colour for men's clothes has at last been successfully accomplished, and the uninteresting hues which were alone to be obtained in Victorian days have now given place to far brighter shades. A few years ago men were mere studies in black and blue. It was black for the frock coat ("de mortuis nil nisi bonum"), blue for the lounge coat, and black again for evening dress. True, you could, if you liked, order your new "creation" in what was alluringly termed "pepper and salt" mixture, but this was frowned on as the perquisite of the "nut" of the period. We should all be whole-heartedly grateful that those days are gone for ever. Indeed the tendency is nowadays "colour—and more colour." Before long perhaps we shall be wearing yellow overcoats and pink lounge suits, but meantime let us progress slowly to that glaring ideal.

* * *

Just at present brightish blues, black and white checks, and fairly subdued browns represent the "limit." Unfortunately, however, a few tailors, chafing at the starting post, have rather lost their heads. As an example I may mention that a day or two ago I met a man at a dinner party who was wearing a green dress coat. It is true that the green was of a dark shade, but on the whole that rather accentuated the offence, for it looked horribly faded by candle-light. The pioneer, of course, is always a target for ridicule, but anyone who embarks on green dress suits deserves all he gets. If he chooses blue it is quite another matter. Nearly all the best tailors are now making blue dress suits, and the general effect is excellent. Black was never really suited for the purpose, as at night time it is apt to appear like a rusty brown—especially if the suit is not quite new. A dark blue, on the other hand, looks an intense black under similar circumstances. No doubt in time well dressed men will adopt lighter and lighter blues, but at present they are a trifle outré. Blue-black is absolutely correct wear.

* * *

Curiously enough, the blue tweed mixtures, for which great things were prophesied, are not proving much of a draw." Perhaps they are rather too revolutionary to become really popular in their first season. They are one of those cloths which the tailor shows everybody. The customers admire them greatly—and then choose something else. It is to be hoped that they will be more successful this autumn, for they are certainly a distinct improvement on, for instance, a blue serge suit.

* * *

Blue serge suits, which figure in every well dressed man's wardrobe, are not intended for everyday wear. They are excellent for occasional town use when tweeds are a trifle too light and morning coats too formal. But when worn day after day they probably deteriorate quicker than anything else. In these days, when everyone has a motor-car, dust is as ubiquitous as air. And nothing is such a target for dust as a blue serge suit. Almost continuous brushing will alone make it look respectable. Its other great drawback is, of course, its tendency to become shiney. If this occurs unusually early in its history a good cleaner can generally improve matters, but where it is the mere attribute of senile decay nothing will remove that gleaming surface. Black but never brown shoes should be adopted with blue serge suits.

* * *

Plain colours are certainly most in demand at present. Probably brown is the colour of the hour, and you may obtain it in innumerable patterns. A very inconspicuous herring-bone design looks exceedingly well, but the herring-bones should not be at all clearly defined. A new cashmere suiting has recently been introduced. The brown material is checked with very dark lines, which are so dark as to appear black. The general effect is excellent, for the cloth appears to be dark brown relieved with light brown squares. From a technical point of view it is not easily produced, so the price will probably remain fairly high. This in itself is a good thing, for once a material can be cheaply made every "thirty shilling" tailor stocks it—thereby irretrievably killing it. Unfortunately this appears to be the fate of the black and white check suitings, which have already put in their appearance at the Petticoat Lane Sunday market.

Light grey tweeds are in great demand this season, and some really delightful patterns are to be secured. Here herring-bone designs are not much in vogue. Quite the nicest design I have seen is a black and white dice pattern mixture of silk and wool. This "makes up" equally well as a summer overcoat, sports jacket or lounge suit.

* * *

Captain Saunders will be pleased to answer in this column questions concerning any problem of dress. Readers requiring a prompt reply should enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

Mrs. Pertwee lectured last week on "Famous Bluestockings" at the New Constitutional Society for Women Suffrage. Mr. Ben Tillet's discourse on "Infamous Blacklegs" should follow.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU.

The Editor will be pleased to answer readers' queries through this column.

K. M. G. (Bedford Park).—"Hello, Kid," on its second visit, does not appeal. Send stamped envelope for return.

X. Y. Z. (Dublin).—(1) As we said last week, the daily press has been giving erroneous information re sweepstakes in Switzerland. It is only the wrong 'uns that have had notice to quit. (2) Yes, we are satisfied that H. Diamond, of Lucerne, is quite straight, and that he always pays out. (3) Don't patronise the Geneva concern unless you have some money you don't want.

P. A. (Newmarket).—Complaint noted. Writing some days ahead, even the cleverest of experts is bound to tip non-starters occasionally.

R. W. (Wisbech.—You are wrong. Gustav Hamel is the man who, it is said, refuses to take anybody for a flight who hasn't got a title. We understand he does not insist upon his passengers wearing a coronet while flying.

S. J. C. (Birmingham).—Glad you have made money by following "Observer's" selected horses. Sorry can't adopt your suggestion to wire tips on day of race. *Infra dig.*

E. F. H. (Southfields).—The last button of the waistcoat should be left undone. In the case of a lounge coat, it is better to do the top button up if there are two.

J. L. S. (Dublin).—Two inches is a good average height for a double collar. The points should be cut square, and not rounded off.

Captain F. (Ipswich).—The bow on the straw hat should be tied by hand, and not "made up." This is now the invariable rule for bows of all sorts.

Cyclist (Hull).—There is no fixed rule in connection with silencing a motor cycle. So long as the machine is reasonably silent, and there is no open "cut out," you cannot be summoned.

E. F. (Putney).—We do not recommend puncture proof bands.

P. L. T. (Edmonton).—The average upkeep expenses are as follows: Motor cycle ¾d. per mile; cycle car, 1¾d. per mile.

SALE AND EXCHANGE.

Readers or advertisers can insert advertisements in this column to buy or sell goods at the rate of 2d. per word. Instructions must be sent with remittance so as to reach this office on or before Tuesday morning of each week. Letters should be addressed: Advertisement Department, 20-21, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Typewriters: Smith Premier Visible £9 10s., Oliver £5, Remington £4 10s.—Crawford, 9, Coleman Street, London (near Bank). Telephone: Wall, 9730.

Moustaches Forced on Smoothest Face. Trial supply, 7d. Immediate results. Particulars, 1d. stamp.—Spa Chemical (138) Co., 19, Bride Lane, London.

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When replying to Advertisements, please mention "Modern Life."

DIAMOND'S
FREE "DOUBLETS"
COMPETITION.

3,572 PRIZES VALUE £1,820

NO ENTRANCE FEE.

First Prize £100	Second Prize £20	20 Prizes Value each £5
50 PRIZES VALUE EACH £2	500 PRIZES VALUE EACH £1	1,000 PRIZES VALUE EACH 10/-
2,000 PRIZES VALUE EACH 5/-		

What you have to do.

Choose your examples from those given below:—

Lovely Lucerne.	Built on Honesty.
Sunny Switzerland.	Money Losing.
Dependable Cutlery.	Friend Making.
Reliable Watches.	Free Holiday.
Diamond's Best.	Invites Investigation.
Prompt Payments.	Press Unanimous.
Straight Dealing.	Honesty First.
Guaranteed Genuine.	Public Confidence.
Lucky Shilling.	Long Established.
Fortune's Favourite.	Integrity Maintained.
Diamond Lucerne.	Beyond Suspicion.
Good as Gold.	Success Assured.

Having chosen an example, think of TWO or THREE other words which in their meaning have some bearing on the example used. The first and last words selected must begin with any of the letters in the example chosen. If three words are selected, any word can be used as the middle word. For instance, if you take the example "easY Money," and take the letters "M" and "Y," using the word "be" as the middle word, you can make the "Doublet" "May be Yours."

The promoter undertakes that all "Doublets" received shall have careful consideration and the prizes awarded according to his opinion of their merit, but his decision as to the prize-winners must be accepted by all competitors as final and legally binding in all respects, and entries are accepted only on this understanding.

The promoter will not hold himself responsible for postcards lost or mislaid. In the event of two or more Competitors sending in the same winning "Doublet" the prize will be divided. Employees of H. Diamond are not allowed to compete. No correspondence can be entered into concerning this competition, and this announcement contains all the available information.

Entries must be by postcard only. Letters will be disqualified. Postcards to Lucerne require a penny stamp; those insufficiently stamped will not be accepted.

There are no entrance fees of any kind. There is nothing to pay, either now or later. You will not be asked to buy anything or to sell anything. There are no conditions except those stated in this announcement. Each competitor is limited to one entry only, which must be in his or her own handwriting. Breach of this rule will disqualify all entries sent by that competitor.

WRITE THIS ON A POSTCARD.

I enter your "Doublets" Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions advertised in "Modern Life," and agree to accept the published decision as finally and legally binding.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Example .....

Doublet .....

(Not more than three words may be used.)

Postcards must be marked "FREE" in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to H. DIAMOND, Lucerne, Switzerland. The closing date is Saturday, June 27th. Be sure and put a penny stamp on your postcard or we shall refuse delivery. Reasonable time must be allowed for careful consideration of all entries, but the result of the Competition will be announced not later than July 25th. All postcards must be plainly written in ink; must be worded like the above example, and must contain no other matter. The Competition is quite free and is open to all.

H. DIAMOND, Lucerne, SWITZERLAND.

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